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### THIRTY LONG YEARS.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

'Twas a fair wind blew the ship from port,
Her sails were as white as the ocean spray;
If she carried a crew of a doubtful sort,
My Archie went out in her, mate, that day.

I stood in the "Lantern" a long, long, while,
Till the speck was lost in the furthest sky;
And the light-house man said, with a kindly smile,
"I see her, my girl, in the full moon's eye.

"She's a tight old craft, and never you fret,
For Archie's a seaman from stem to stern;
He'll keep her true to her course, you bet,
True to her course by a windlass-turn.

"It's only a matter of sixty days,
Sixty, or mayhap a trifle more,
And you'll see the old ship again 'in stays,'
Riding 'ataunt' off yonder shore.

"There! you're a sailor's lass, you know;
God 's on the ocean by day and night;
So now, be hearty, and go below,
While I clear the lantern and trim the light."

Thirty long years, it was, to-day,
Since from the lantern I went, that night;
Leaving the speck to dissolve away,
Leaving my kinsman to trim his light.

Thirty long years I've looked in vain
For the speck to rise from the further sea;
Never, oh! never my eyes again
Shall gaze on my Archie, nor his on me!

Yesterday, one with a foreign speech
Told me a terrible tale of woe,
Of a vessel found on a desert beach,
Wrecked there, thirty long years ago.

Timbers rotted, and beams all bare,
A skeleton ship and a skeleton crew
Lay on the sands in the tropic air:—
Vessel and mariners well I knew!

I am a woman of nigh three score,
With a silvered head and a shaking hand;
Archie lies stark on that tropic shore;
For, "God 's on the ocean as well as the land!"

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# NORWOOD;
## OR
## VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

### CHAPTER XLII.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.—HEYWOOD'S LETTER CONTINUED.

"*April* 10.—I am informed to-day, by Gov. Pickens, that he has word from the government at Washington, that provisions are to be sent to Fort Sumter at all hazards, and that he has communicated the same to his government at Montgomery. There is great excitement. I urged the plan already mentioned. Anderson cannot hold out many days. Starvation will give the fort into their hands full as soon as artillery can. Unless bloodshed is needed for some political purpose, I cannot imagine a reason for bombarding. Meanwhile the city swarms with troops arriving with every train, while those hitherto camping here have been distributed to the forts and batteries. Business is almost dead. It seems like a military holiday. The current for secession and a Southern Republic rushes like a mighty stream. Nothing can stay it, and nothing resist. It amounts, if not to a phrensy, yet to an irresistible enthusiasm. Every one is exhilarated. The most extravagant pictures are drawn of the future of this new empire. Last night I heard several of the leading men and managers of affairs discussing the prospect. 'Bombard the fort—commit the State irrevocably by shedding blood. The government at Washington cannot do less then than to threaten coercion. The first step in that direction will bring every cotton-growing State to our side. If the conflict begins, even the border States must come to this side. Against such a front no war will ever be made.' Turning to me, one of the gentlemen said: 'You shrink at the shedding of blood. Is it not better by the loss of a few lives, and the consolidation thereby of fifteen States, *to prevent war*, than by temporizing to go at length into a conflict which, though not doubtful in issue, will sacrifice hundreds and it may be thousands of lives? Even humanity would dictate decisive measures.'

"I replied: 'I think, gentlemen, that you mistake the whole feeling of the North. If the flag is fired upon there will be war. If there is war, you must prepare yourselves for a long and terrible one. The South will not yield easily. The North will be even more tenacious.'

"Some of the gentlemen were curious to know more of my opinion of the North, which I gave. But the majority laughed to scorn the idea of Northern courage. What is most singular is, that the men who most doubt Northern fighting qualities were themselves from the North, or were born of Northern parents! One or two fiery spirits declared that with a thousand picked men they could march from Charleston to New York; that there were more in number in the North who would greet them than would fight, and that in less than a year peace would be established. The meeting broke up, and as we walked together I again and with warmth urged upon Gov. Pickens to use his influence to prevent actual hostilities. I know not why, with my sentiments plainly disclosed, I am treated with so much confidence by gentlemen who are in the most secret councils of secession. But so it is. He replied to my importunity:

"'Heywood, I honor your fidelity to your convictions, and I do not wonder at your opinions respecting the North. Yet, you are Southern, and you will be obliged to join us. Events will prove stronger than men's wills.'

"'But not, I trust, than men's principles.'

"'All honest men agree in principles. It is the *application* of principles that creates a difference of opinion upon public affairs. For instance: You believe in justice, and so do I. But what *is* just? That is the question between the North and South. We believe in *humanity*. But which is the surest way of being humane? Sometimes forbearance will constitute humanity. Sometimes aggression is more humane than peace. To fire upon Sumter will prevent a civil war. You think not. It is not a difference of principles, but of judgment. You believe that the happiness of the population will be consulted by unity of national life. We believe that two nations are better than one. We agree as to the principle, viz., the duty of seeking the happiness of the people. We differ as to means only. I say that you are one of us. I mean that your sympathies go with the land of your birth. Events are transpiring that will draw the lines, and all men will have to choose sides. The time is close at hand. It will be impossible for you, when you see that the rupture cannot be prevented, to take sides against your father and kindred, against your State, against all your companions, and against the South and all its glorious future! Your honor and your affection will compel the right course. And it is this certainty which induces me to confide in you.'

"He then laid open to me the whole inside view, and I confess that my heart sank within me, as he closed, and I felt a gloomy certainty that the nation was rent in twain.

"'There are,' said he, 'among the active and influential men in the South three classes. First, are the old politicians, who do not want secession, and threaten it only to secure for the South certain further concessions which shall prolong its political ascendency. They are dull and selfish men. They foresee nothing and plan nothing except the possession of political power.

"'Next is the great middle class, containing the active young men, and most of the families of wealth throughout the South. They threaten secession and even welcome it, but with a distinct understanding among themselves that it is the shortest road to a *reconstructed Union*. They all hold to the antiquated superstition of a single Nation. When once the South is organized, and its government recognized, then, they reason, will begin a process of disintegration of the Northern Union, and of the absorption of its particles by the Southern Union. One by one the Northwestern States will dissolve their connection with their government, and come under our new constitution. Pennsylvania will not be long in following. New York will not consent to see her commerce pass to Baltimore and Charleston. New England, which has been the firebrand of the continent, may smoulder and go to ashes among her own rocks. We will have none of her. Her young men will emigrate, marry and conform to the customs of the South. In fifty years she will be as little heard of as Nova Scotia or Newfoundland.

"'The third class is the only one that has a clear and distinct plan and principle. All the others are drifting and catching at accidents, and hoping for lucky events. But we have a definite end in view. We mean to establish a Southern Confederacy, confined if possible to latitudes in which Slavery can profitably exist. We shall resist the entrance of Free States. We don't want them. Free and Slave States cannot live together. What is the use of a divorce, if one turns right about and marries the shrew over again? No. We are for immediate separation; for the establishment of a nation whose climate, industries, institutions, and people are homogeneous. We want no war. If let alone we will be peaceful. When it is settled that the South is permanently and forever a separate, and independent nation, there may spring up kind relations between it and the North.'

"I inquired:

"'How can you speak with such confidence of success when you admit that you are a small minority, and that the two other classes constitute the wealth and the influential men of the South?'

"'Because, in a revolution, the men who stand still are powerless. Those men who purpose energetic action suit the temper of such times. In peace, conservatives—and, in revolution, radicals—will always lead. Hardly one man in Montgomery wanted secession. South Carolina forced them to it. This glorious State is guided by a few men who know what they are aiming at, and who use therefore every opportunity with advantage. All the rest are mere waiters upon time.'

"'Do you mean that President Davis did not wish Secession?'

"'He belonged to the second class of whom I spoke. He was opposed to secession. He could have been bribed easily to maintain the Union.'

"'Bribed?'

"'Yes, with the offer of the Presidency of it. An ambitious obstinate man, subtle rather than strong. A wise manager of common affairs, but not large enough for comprehensive and complex matters. He will do very well, however, to pilot us out of the Union. He is proud and persistent, and will not easily be bamboozled.'

"'How do you regard Stevens?'

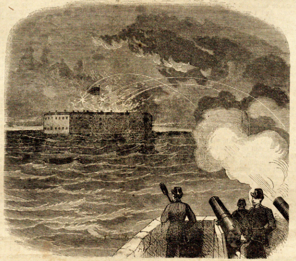
"'A sagacious man, without any belly.'

"'What do you mean by that?'

"'He is all brains. But he lacks force for action. He is a good lecturer, but a poor leader. He has gone off with us just as a priest might be imagined to have gone off with the ten tribes, hoping all the time to get back to Jerusalem. He goes with us in hopes, by and bye, to have influence to get us back into the Union. That is like a cock-sparrow flying with a storm, hoping to manage it.'

"'Stephens certainly ranks high among the people.'

"'He ought to. He is honest, and a sagacious critic of historical events. He is wise about things that have already happened. But he has no constructive wisdom. He has neither the imagination, the courage, nor the—well—the fanaticism necessary for founding new States.'



[THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.]

"By this time we had reached St. Philip's church, and my companion entered a modest burial-ground lying across the way from it. I hesitated at entering. 'Only a few steps,' said he. We came to a grave, upon which stood, in altar-form, a large white slab of marble. By the faint light of the moon, I saw cut upon the middle of it—nothing above and nothing beneath it,—alone, simple and large,—the name

CALHOUN!

"For a moment or two there was silence. At length, my companion spoke:

"'Had HE lived, we should have had a leader. He was our Prophet. He brought us to the verge of the Promised Land, but was not himself suffered to go over. He died, and no one is found worthy to bear his mantle! Being dead, he yet speaketh. From this spot goes forth the influence which will found a new nation. Men will come hither, in later days, upon pilgrimages, as they have hitherto to Mount Vernon!'

"'I have always deemed his ingenuity acute, but impracticable.'

"'Impracticable? Is the Bible an impracticable book because people are not wise enough to practice its truths? All men of seed-thoughts are esteemed impracticable in their own generation. Men want something which they can use *now*—not something which will feed them by and bye. They plant summer crops, not orchards. The popular thinkers are millers and bakers, who grind wheat and bake bread for immediate use.'

"'Do you regard the present movement in the South as the result of Calhoun's teaching?'

"'There is not a man under fifty in South Carolina who has not been fashioned by Calhoun's influence. Every Southern college has taught his writings. His views of the sovereignty of the separate States in the Union are the lever by which we shall pry the Union apart. A great man! and wiser than his times!'

"'It has always seemed to me that he was the apostle of the Retrograde, not of the Advance, and your plans seem to me to be based on the philosophy of disintegration. You may hold together for a time by external pressure; but there is no cohesion in Calhoun's State; it is all centrifugal and explosive in its analyses and ultimate tendencies.'

"The clock in the church opposite struck twelve. I plead my health as a reason for returning. On the way back, the Governor told me that, on the morrow, Sumter would be formally summoned to surrender; that if any thing further were done toward mediation, he would notify me."

"*April* 11.—At two o'clock this afternoon, Gen. Beauregard formally demanded the evacuation of Fort Sumter. 'All proper facilities will be afforded,' so the summons ran, 'for the removal of yourself and command, together with company arms and property, and all private property, to any port in the United States which you may elect. The flag which you have upheld so long and with so much fortitude, under the most trying circumstances, may be saluted by you on taking it down.' Major Anderson replied: 'My sense of honor and my obligations to my Government prevent my compliance.' He stated incidentally that starvation would soon compel evacuation. I caught at this sentence. It seemed a ray of light and hope. I urged the General to communicate it to his Government. In due time came from Secretary Walker, at Montgomery, the permission, 'We do not desire needlessly to bombard Fort Sumter. If Major Anderson will state the time at which, as indicated by him, he will evacuate, and agree that in the meantime he will not use his guns against us, unless ours should be used against Fort Sumter, *you are thus to avoid the effusion of blood*. If this or its equivalent be refused, reduce the fort as your judgment decides to be most practicable.'

"I was overjoyed at the response. At the Governor's request I was joined to the gentlemen of Beauregard's staff who were that night to visit the fort. One thing I could not understand. Beauregard expected to open fire before morning! Why should that be? Was there some trick in this message?

"So confident was I that peace would be preserved, that I inwardly triumphed over the crowds in the streets of Charleston, who, aware of the imminent bombardment, filled the public ways as on a holiday, gaily dressed, exuberant in spirits, as if the city were one vast wedding-feast. They were crowding the East and South Battery streets, and the Whitepoint garden, hoping to be spectators of a nation's funeral! The sun was gone down. The reflected light quivered on the waters, as if they were stained with blood. I know not why my confident joy was tempered with forebodings. I inwardly said, as I left the chattering crowd, 'Reap all the darkness which the night brings; you shall see no flames to-night!' Yet my heart was heavy. I was experiencing probably the reaction of long excitement. It was past midnight before we set off in the boat, and it was after one o'clock when we reached the fort.

"On approaching the postern we were challenged, but after a few minutes' delay, permitted to land and enter the fort. The gentlemen of our party were Major Lace, Col. Chism, Roger A. Pryor, Senator Chestnut, and myself.

The written message was delivered to Major Anderson:

"'If you will state the time at which you will evacuate Fort Sumter, and agree that in the meantime you will not use your guns against us, unless ours shall be employed against Fort Sumter, we will abstain from opening fire upon you.'

"Major Anderson was surrounded by his officers—all of them young men. He seemed about fifty—his hair touched with gray; his stature about five feet eight; his forehead square; his face intelligent, mild, but full of firmness.

"The interior of the fort, about an acre large, was in much confusion. Unmounted cannon lay upon the ground; material for various purposes was heaped up. It was now the morning of the 12th—Friday. Major Anderson said that on Monday, the 15th, three days hence, he should be obliged to evacuate the fort. He accordingly committed to writing, and delivered to us the promise that, unless meanwhile he should receive controlling instructions from his government, he would, on Monday noon, at twelve o'clock, leave the fort.

"The gentlemen of my party retired to a corner for consultation. I was overjoyed at the happy termination of this dangerous matter. I congratulated Major Anderson and his officers, and we all hoped that the storm was past, and that better counsels would bring brighter days to the country.

"After about fifteen minutes, the gentlemen who had been consulting returned, and handed to Major Anderson a paper containing the following message:

"'By authority of Brig.-Gen. Beauregard, commanding the Provisional Forces of the Confederate States, we have the honor to notify you that he will open the fire of his batteries on Fort Sumter in one hour from this time.'

"I was petrified. I scarcely believed my senses. My first impulse was that of utter indignation at the men who, it was now plain, never meant or desired to avert a conflict. Doubtless they had hoped that the time for evacuation would be put so far off that there would be a decent pretext for refusing to wait.

"They were caught in their own trap. Only three days were demanded. Every one knew that at the best the fort could not be reduced in less than that time, and possibly not for a week. But blood was wanted. It was necessary to arouse the South.

"I could not repress the exclamation, 'This is shameful! I protest against it!' I was on the point of asking leave to remain in the fort, and to take part with its garrison in defending its flag! But what could I do, untrained, and ignorant of war, except to consume provisions already wasted to the minimum? With a heavy heart, bitter and resentful, I turned away and left the postern. My indignation kept me silent. We soon landed. It was already near morning. The east was changing, and a faint twilight came stealing over the harbor, every moment growing brighter. You have noticed that at no moment of the day has light such a virgin effect as between twilight and sun-rise. Everything has a freshness, an unworn and pure look, as if it had just been created. I stood alone, for I would not go with the gentlemen of his staff to report to Beauregard. A light film of mist lay along the rim of the harbor; but within that silver setting the water lay dark and palpitating. Out of its bosom rose Sumter—sheer up from the water, which lapped its very base on every side. How serene and secure the fort looked! How beautifully the morning brightened around it, though as yet the sun was far down below the sea!

"I was startled by the roar of a mortar a little behind me. Out of its white smoke rose, with graceful curve, a bomb that hurtled through the air and burst right above the fort! 'Cursed be the hand that fired that shot! May violence overtake the wretch, and a disgraceful death!' I did not know that it was my own State that broke the peace! Edmund Ruffin it was, an old man, with white hair that hung down in profusion over his shoulders, and was now flying wild, his eyes bright with an excitement either of fanaticism or insanity!

"This single shot given, there was a dead pause for a moment or two. A flock of wild duck, startled from their feeding ground, flew skitting along the face of the water, and were lost behind the fort. The peace was gone! This tranquil harbor was changed to a volcano! Jetting forth from around its sides came tongues of fire, wrapped in smoke, and the air was streaked with missiles converging from every side and meeting at Sumter! Now that the circle was once on fire it flamed incessantly. Gun followed gun—battery answered battery—and the earth fairly trembled with the explosions. I was fascinated. I could not withdraw. I waited to see the fort deliver its fire. It stood silent. Did the giant sleep?

"As the sun flamed above the horizon and shot its light across the waters, up rose the flag from the fort, gracefully climbing to its topmost height, and rolled out its folds, as if it were sent up to look out over the troubled scene and command peace! Still no gun from the fort replied. Two hours of bombarding, and not a shot in return! But at seven, in the morning, a roar from the lower tier of guns gave notice that the fort had roused itself and joined in the affray. Its shot began to fall around me. I retreated within the battery, and then, sick and heart-heavy, I determined to make my way back to the city. My heart was with the seventy men battling for the flag against five thousand!

"The Confederate flag and the palmetto were flying together over the forts. My soul spurned them! I felt that I was among enemies. The roar went on. As I drew near the city, I began to hear the church bells ringing wild with joy! Crowds everywhere lined the wharves, filled the streets, covered the roofs of the hitherward houses. The people had been out all night! Many, discouraged at the delay, had begun returning to their homes. But the first sound of a gun brought them back with alacrity. One would think that the humbling of the national flag was the most joyous occasion in the world! Worn out with excitement and want of sleep, disgusted and indignant, I spurned all company, and would hide myself from the sight of the people and the sounds of the heavy guns, which in succession, or in salvos, filled the air with their dull, distant thunder. I sought my room, and toward noon fell into a feverish sleep. The noise of the artillery still sounded in my dreams, and, mixed in the phantasms of sleep, helped to disorder my imagination. I dreamed that I was at Norwood, and conversing with Miss Rose, when Doctor Wentworth entered, and his voice broke like a sound of thunder upon me, and the dream, changing, led me now with Cathcart, and now with Wentworth, among sand-batteries and forts. These dissolving views changed, and it was Miss Rose, or Alice that was in distress—the house seemed crumbling and falling part by part with terrible crash, and I—utterly unable to stir! I started up from such disturbed visions. All the afternoon the same continuous firing filled every part of the city with its sound. Volumes of black smoke rolled up from the fort. It was on fire! Its guns fired but infrequently. Every time the smoke rolled away I looked anxiously through the glass to see if the flag still waved. The sun went down upon it! All night, but at intervals of fifteen minutes, the bombardment went on. People who had expected to reduce the fort in a few hours seemed discouraged at this protracted defence.

"The morning came, and with its first full light the forts that lay in a circle round the fort, opened in order, Johnson on the south, Cummings' Point on the east, Moultrie on the north, and the floating battery on the west, together with the smaller intermediate batteries. As far as I could discern, the walls of Sumter had suffered little. No breach appeared. The barbette guns were knocked away. But though they were the heaviest, they had never been used. The besiegers aimed to sweep them with such a fire that the men could not work them. Again the smoke rolled up from the fort, and flames could now be seen. Moultrie poured a continuous stream of red hot shot upon the devoted fort. At last came noon. The firing ceased. Boats were putting off to the fort. By one o'clock it was noised abroad that the garrison had surrendered! It was true. On Sunday noon, they were to salute the flag and evacuate the fort.

"If the week days were jubilant, how shall I describe the Sabbath? The churches were thronged with excited citizens. In many of these all restraint was thrown off, and the thanksgiving and rejoicing for the victory swept everything like summer winds. I went to my own church, the Episcopal. The decorum of the service, which is a bulwark against irreverent excitements, served, on this occasion, a good purpose. Yet, strange as it may seem, in the lessons for the day occurred a passage that sounded in my ears like a prophesy, and full of warning and doom. It was this: 'Prepare war, wake up the mighty men; let them come up. Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears; let the weak say, I am strong. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision; for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.'

"As I came from church, a south wind blew, and I heard the sound of cannon. I walked rapidly to the point, and only in time to see through my glass, the flag descending from over Sumter! The drama is ended!—or rather opened! Who can tell what shall be the end of this? It may be that all the roar and battle of the two days past is as nothing to that which at some future day shall precede the raising again of this flag over this fallen fortress. The future is in the hand of God!

"To-morrow I shall bid farewell to these unhappy scenes. I go to Richmond, and thence home. Shall I ever see Norwood again? I know not why my spirits sink so low. I am full of forebodings. Probably weakness and fatigue are reasons enough. But over the future hangs a dark cloud which I would that I might pierce and know what it hides! Should I never see old friends again, I would not willingly be forgotten of them—for I can never forget. And so, Farewell. TOM HEYWOOD."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### THE AROUSING.

The March winds had blown themselves out. Rainy April had set in. Over all New England, the signs of the new season were thickening. Maple-sap was flowing freely, and the woods and maple orchards were filled with sounds of industry.

The dull gray of the uppermost twigs in chestnut woods was turning to a ruddy brown. The peach-blossom buds were swelling fast. The willows already shook their tassels in the wind. The air, the earth, the round heaven and every creature beneath it seemed to rejoice in the breaking of winter. Cattle rubbed themselves against fences to free the old coat and give place to the new. The herds owned the fervid impulses of love. The dairy woman cries, "See how yellow the butter is to-day!" "Yes," says the herdsman, "the cows have been down in the moist pasture, and found early grass."

The oxen are yoked and the plow is set a-going. Blackbirds follow the furrow and pick for fat grubs. The redwinged starling from the swamp sounds its medley—a cross between a cackle and a whistle. No more ice! no more snow! Cold winds yet contend for the mastery, and new-dropped lambs shiver, and frisking calves cuddle in sheltered spots from its rough breath.

But, ah! the south is propitious! The sun is ascending from the south, and bringing with him all treasures. Look! do you not see those low-lying clouds in the south glorious and ruddy? They are harvests which the sun is driving forward—red apples, purple grapes, yellow corn, and wheat. Full of gifts is thy bosom, oh south! Listen to the sounds which every wind wafts from the south. It is the bluebird in the orchard, just come from its southern home. Robins have come thence. The south sends sweet songs of birds, and smell of flowers, and the silver haze of showers, every drop of which is like a planted seed. Oh, gorgeous south! whose days are summer round the whole year, to thee fly our birds in autumn; and thence again, tuned and re-fledged, they come to us in spring! From thee come new life and joy. Peace be on thee, mother of all good! and far from thy fields be harm and sorrow—thou that art full of blessings!

On the morning of April 12th, there came from the south other gifts. Not sunlight, or the flight of birds, or the flowers of spring; but a lurid cloud, sounding and dreadful, proclaiming to the nation that war had come!

When the telegraph shot the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter through every State, men held their breath. They could scarcely understand. Like those suddenly overtaken by an immeasurable grief, they stood silent, listening, waiting for something to say,—"It is a dream! it is not true!" As the day wore on, a sharp curiosity tensely held every mind. How fares the conflict? Will the fort sustain itself and silence the beleaguering guns? For, an impression had crept through the public mind that the fort was invincible. We were all children then, and knew nothing of that school in which since the nation has had millions of scholars!

On Saturday, came contradictory tidings. Rumor was busy. The reality of war was eating slowly into men's consciousness. None had believed it. Such unnatural violence can be possible only to the insane! Was ever nation happier? Was ever prosperity so continuous, and its fruits in material wealth so wonderful?

If war begins, the South is too shrewd to begin it. She has ruled the land for fifty years, and if as wise as the English aristocracy, she will bend for the moment to the political gale which may not be resisted, but making peace with circumstances, she will seize again the helm and guide the ship!

No one believed war possible. So long had peace brooded that it seemed a destiny. We were used to fiery conflicts of politics, and threats, and predictions of disaster and ruin. In the eyes of a vanquished party the country is always ruined. Intense excitements were characteristic of our national life. But free speech had always proved a safety-valve to men's passions. Men waxed hot, raged and denounced; then, as after a thunder storm, every one went on his way in a clearer sky and purer air!

Though it had year by year been threatened; though the threats grew sterner as the election of Mr. Lincoln approached; though the act of secession was accomplished, and seven States threw off their allegiance to the Government; though South Carolina day and night was girding Fort Sumter with batteries, and gangs of slaves, by the thousand, were heaping up the sands of the shore into vast fortifications, and the lighthouses had been darkened, the buoys of Southern harbors removed, judges had resigned, forts had been seized, and sworn public officer after officer had proved treacherous, yet the innate hopefulness of the people and the security bred by long peace, prevailed. Men would not believe that there could be war!

On Sunday morning, the 14th of April, it was known that Sumter had surrendered. The scales fell from men's eyes!

THERE WAS WAR!

The flag of the Nation had been pierced by men who had been taught their fatal skill under its protection! The nation's pride, its love, its honor suffered with that flag, and with it trailed in humiliation!

Without concert, or council, the whole people rose suddenly with one indignation to vindicate the Nation's honor. It came as night comes or the morning—broad as a hemisphere. It rose as the tides raise the whole ocean, along the whole continent, drawn upward by the whole heavens!

The frivolous became solemn; the wild grew stern; the young felt an instant manhood.

It was the strangest Sunday that ever dawned on Norwood since the colonial days when, by reason of hostile Indians, the fathers repaired to church with their muskets! All the region round about came forth. Never had such an audience gathered in that house. Every face had in it a new life. Dr. Buell was not wont to introduce into his Sabbath services topics allied to politics, nor did he mean to change his habit to-day.

His sermon, weighty, and on themes which usually are accounted more solemn than all others, yet sounded light and empty in men's ears. Nor had he ever preached with so much difficulty. He lost the connection, hurried passages which should have been deliberate, and afterwards owned that he was never so glad to get through a sermon.

It was in the prayer following that the stream burst forth. A mighty tide rose within him, and he poured out his soul for the country. He prayed for the Government, for the men in Fort Sumter, who had been like the three children in the fiery furnace, for the flag, and for all in authority, that they might have wisdom and courage to vindicate it!

The house was still—so still that the ear ached between every pause. The word Amen set loose an army of handkerchiefs, and people wiped more eyes than were ever wet at once in that house. Just as Dr. Buell rose to give out the closing hymn, he saw the choir rising as if to give an anthem. The minister sat down; but he quickly rose up again, and every man in the house, as the choir sang the *Star Spangled Banner*. Such a scene had never been known in sober Norwood! And when the last strain died, it was with difficulty that the minister could repress an open cheer.

"Why didn't you let 'em?" said Deacon Marble. "It's enough to make the stones cry out. I never felt so sorry before that I hadn't a house full of boys."

Aunt Polly for once found nothing to rebuke in the Deacon. "This is the Lord's work. Sunday isn't a bit too good to teach men that they ought'er save the country! My grandfather dug the sile out from under this church to git saltpetre, to make powder on, to fight for our liberties! And I guess the old man's bones that's lyin' yonder shook when they heard them cannon jar! Now's the time for folks to show themselves."

The whole population seemed to be in the street! Men formed groups and discussed the one only topic. Party lines were fast rubbing out. There was an afternoon service, but it was like a dream. As yet men's feelings had found no channels, and no relief in action. A few discordant notes there were. Tough old Hunt, farmer up in "Hardscrabble," as a poor neighborhood was called, in spite of angry eyes and frowning brows would have his say:—"I allus told you that the Abolitionists would bring blood on us. Now I hope they're satisfied. They've been teasin' and worryin' the South for twenty years, and now the South has turned and gored 'em. Sarved 'em right!"

"I tell ye, old leather-skin," said Hiram Beers, "you'd better shut up! The boys aint in a temper to hear such talk. You'll git hurt afore you git through a hundred speeches like that!"

Old Hunt was a small, wiry man, about sixty years of age, with black hair, and a turbid hazel eye, that looked cruel when he was wrathful. Hiram's words set him aflame.

"Where's the man that's goin' to stop my tongue? This is a free country, I guess! I *shall* say what I've a mind to——"

Just then, Hiram, who saw that trouble was brewing, changed the attack from the old man to his horse, who was as fiery and obstinate as his master, and already had exhausted his patience and fodder, in a long Sunday under the horse-shed. While the old man was standing in his wagon, bristling all over, like a black and tan terrier, and fierce for opposition, Hiram gave his horse a keen cut under his belly, where a horse least likes to be hit. The first thing Hunt knew he was sprawling in his wagon, and the horse was heading for home with a speed unbecoming a Sabbath-day. The old man, nimble and plucky, gathered himself up, utterly at a loss which he was most angry with, the public or the horse,—now giving the animal a rousing pull, and then shaking his left fist back at the crowd, he disappeared from the Green, in a medley of utterances, which, addressed sometimes to his horse and sometimes to Hiram, and sometimes to the imaginary Abolitionists, formed a grotesque oration.

"Oh, you won't stop, will ye?—(a jerk)—You d—d Abolitionists—(turning back his head)—Come down, ye beast!—(to his horse)—free country! everybody do as he chooses! Can't stop me, tell ye—why don't you stop—hold up! No! I won't hold my jaw, for none of ye! I'll break your jaw if you don't stop, ye de—— beast—Abolitionists—tell ye—!" and with that he was gone.

"I'm as much of a democrat as he is," said Hiram, "and I've allus gone with my party. But, I tell ye, boys, this is no party matter. This is a black business, and there aint but one way to settle it. We've tried the votes, and they won't stand that. Now we'll try the bullets, and the side that can stand that longest is goin' to rule this country, that's all."

Old Mr. Turfmould ventured to say, without meaning any harm—merely as a moral reflection—"Ah, Mr. Beers, it's awful killin' folks, and huddlin' 'em into holes without funerals or decent fixins of any kind."

"Shet up, you blasted old owl!" said Hiram. "This thing's goin' to be fought out, that's sartain, and we won't have nobody hangin' back at home. A man that won't fight when his flag's fired on, aint worth a dead nit."

Old Deacon Trowbridge was talking with Judge Bacon, to whom he usually deferred with profound respect for his legal learning.

"I hope," said Judge Bacon, with calm and gentle tones, "that the Government will forbear and not be in haste to strike again. We ought not to think of coercion. Our Southern brethren will come to their reason, if we are patient, and wait for their passions to subside."

"I tell ye, Judge, we aint goin' to wait. We've waited long enough, and this is what we've got for it! Secede! rob the government! shoot our flag! and kill our soldiers, shut up in the fort, like chickens in a coop, and then not fight? You might as well have a Day of Judgment, and nobody hurt. If we aint goin' to fight now, we'd better swap clothes with the women and let *them* try awhile. I tell ye we *will* fight!"

Deacon Trowbridge was like a green hickory fire on a winter's morning. It requires the utmost skill and blowing to get it to burn, but when once it is started, it blazes and crackles with immense heat, and speedily drives all those who were cuddling and shivering about it, far back into the room.

On he went, indignant at the judge, and talking to every one he met. "It's come! Ye can't help it. I don't *want* to help it! It's the Lord's will and I'm desperate willin'. If my boys—some on 'em—don't go, I'll disown 'em. Don't want no cowards on my farm!"

Home with Dr. Wentworth walked Dr. Buell. He had lately grown even more intimate than during the years before. He was a lone man, subject to those depressions which follow severe study. Such moods in him were relieved by the gentle stimulus of family life. He was so simple and sincere in manners that every one in the house felt it a pleasure to serve him. He thus gathered the fruits of a wise household without either the care or responsibility of maintaining its organization.

Agate Bissell, who was housekeeper, teacher, nurse, and companion, doing the work of five ordinary persons, with yet much time and energy to spare, met the doctor and minister at the door. She looked eagerly, but silently, upon them, with hungry eyes, as if she besought some word of sympathy. The conversation went on. Instead of giving it in broken fragments, we condense the remarks of Dr. Wentworth, as if it were one speech.

"It must come! the argument is ended! My judgment has long told me that a conflict of arms must grow out of such radical conflict of principles. But my feelings of hopefulness constantly set aside my political logic, and like others, I did not expect bloodshed. For thirty years, it is now apparent, that the two great halves of this nation were deepening into radically antagonistic convictions—not about politics, in its common sense, but upon the whole question of humanity which underlies and finally controls states, churches, philosophy, and religion itself. The only hope was in localizing these influences and keeping them apart. That could have been done had there not been a central government, which both parts strove to appropriate and control. We now see that the Federal government had little power to control and much to divide the nation. That will always be the weak place in our nation. The prodigious power which is generated in wide-lying states, absolutely independent and sovereign, except in a few arbitrary and artificial arrangements, cannot be controlled by the Federal Government, except by such an increase of its power as would prove fatal to local liberty.

"Whenever a considerable number of contiguous states shall be united by common interests and passions, in resisting the party that controls the Federal Government, we shall be in danger of rebellion.

"It is slavery to-day. The next time it may be a commercial influence. But whatever it is, it must be some unifying influence which, like slavery, has educated the community to diverse, strange, and unnational customs, morals, political principles, and civic feelings, that can secretly organize such a body of States together as to frame a formidable rebellion. Because men now are seeking to pluck the unripe fruit of separation and new nationality, it does not follow that in coming times the ripe fruit may not drop of itself, without opposition, and be gathered up cheerfully and willingly. States will hardly be allowed to draw off because they *differ*. That will make them enemies. But if they are agreed, and divide in some future day simply because the vast bulk of such an Empire of States is too great to be conveniently grouped in one Federal Government, there might be less resistance. *Now* the tendency is setting toward unity. That may expend itself. The next tide may be to variety. But who can tell? National life allows no prophet to unveil it.

"Probably if you and I were in the South, we should join with it. This conflict is but opening. It looks now as if all the Southern States must be swept into the movement. The State feeling is stronger than the National. A crushing defeat might destroy the movement; but a Southern victory will sweep the whole South like a flame. In that case all the best men will join it. We should not expect too much from human nature. Our friend Heywood is honorable, and will resist disunion; but when he sees it accomplished, he will go with his State, and probably join the Southern army."

Alice Cathcart was one of those whose stillness, both in speech and motion, is so great that her very presence seems swallowed up in the personality of others. She sat by the doctor's wife, as if she were only the shadow which Mrs. Wentworth cast. The conversation had reached the doctor's remark about the young Virginian, when suddenly, and with passionate vehemence, she exclaimed:

"Never! He will never betray his country! It is a shame to slander one who cannot answer for himself!"

Had a piece of artillery gone off in the room it would hardly have startled the company more than such a speech from the gentle, silent Alice! The doctor smiled and would have replied, but Alice disappeared. Mrs. Wentworth found her in a flood of tears, and folded the dear child to her bosom, without words, comforting her by the sympathy of a loving embrace.

The sun had gone down. Every household in Norwood and wide about was a scene of excitement. That night prayer was a reality! Never before had the children heard from their fathers' lips such supplications for the country. Never before had the children's hearts been open to join so fervently in prayer themselves. Men seemed to be conscious that they were helpless in the presence of an immeasurable danger! By Faith they laid their hearts upon the bosom of God, till they felt the beatings of that great Heart whose courses give life and law to the Universe!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was about seven o'clock, of a chill November evening, and raining hard.

It had been raining all day—a dull, steadfast, uncompromising sort of rain; and when, at sunset, the dark curtain of clouds lifted itself up a little, disclosing a brassy rim of light, it ought, according to all precedent, to have cleared up; but, on the contrary, the brassy rim died away into dusk, and it rained more persistently than ever; while the wind, sighing heavily through the dripping branches of the trees, added to the melancholy of the scene.

There was only one figure visible in the gloomy landscape—that of Mark Telworthy, soliloquizing in no very cheerful strain as he plodded onward through rain, and mist, and chilly wind.

"Wouldn't have caught me in this scrape if I hadn't thought it was going to clear up," he muttered to himself. "These short cuts across the country are the very deuce, when a fellow isn't exactly certain about his way. But, then, what was I to do? That woman and her little one must have ridden somewhere, and I am not yet quite boor enough to let a woman ride outside in such a storm as this. I suppose the baggage is at Wayland by this time, and so would I have been if I hadn't lost my way sixteen times to the half hour. Soaking wet, too, with my hair plastered down to my face, and my boots saturated through and through! I wonder what Miss Forrester would think of the gay cavalier who is coming from far countries to woo her, if she could only see him now!"

An odd, saturnine kind of smile came upon his face as he murmured the words, yet it was not an unattractive physiognomy—with its bronzed complexion, heavy brown beard, and dark eyes.

"My blessed old uncle is determined I shall have a wife," went on Mark Telworthy, unconsciously following out the first current of his musings, "and I suppose it may as well be Miss Dora Forrester as any one else, if she's willing. I don't really see why a man with lots of leisure and more money than he knows what to do with shouldn't pay his tribute to society in the shape of a wedding-ring!"

Mr. Telworthy shifted the dripping cloak from one shoulder to the other.

"Wet through, as I live! and the knaves called it waterproof, and made me pay waterproof prices for it, and—hallo!——"

Just at that instant, Mr. Telworthy, momentarily heedless of his footing, missed it and slid, slowly and surely, down into a deep muddy gully or ditch that sloped abruptly down from the footpath!

One instant he lay there motionless, with the rain dropping into his open mouth; then he scrambled up with a lively sense of disgust.

"Fortunately, no bones are broken; but, ye fates, what an amount of yellow mud a fellow can contrive to appropriate when he rolls down hill! I wonder what other interesting adventure Fate may have in store for me. There's a light gleaming down in the hollow—it's just possible I may be able to dry myself in front of some hospitable blaze—here goes for trying the experiment!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Widow Meeker, as she opened the door on the dripping and doleful apparition of Mr. Telworthy, "who be *you*?"

"A poor traveller, madam," returned the apparition, theatrically, "who asks but temporary warmth and shelter."

"Come in, come in!" chirped the hospitable widow. "Well, if you aint pretty well soaked! Cicero, get up quick and don't set starin' afore the fire as if you never see nobody afore in your life!"

Cicero—a tall, raw-boned youth of seventeen summers—obeyed his mother's behests as far as the "getting up" was concerned, but continued to stare as Mr. Telworthy humorously related his adventures.

"Do tell!" ejaculated the widow. "Set down afore the fire—dear me, how wet and muddy you be! Guess you'd better stay all night—Cicero won't mind a stretch afore the fire, and his bed's real comfortable."

But to this the traveller would not hear. He had set forth with the intention of reaching his original destination that night, nor did he intend to alter the programme.

"Well, anyhow, you'd better put on my old man's ginger-colored overcoat," said Mrs. Meeker. "Cicero, run and get your daddy's coat up in the green chest under the eaves. It's an old thing, sir, but it's dretful warm and thick!"

So Mr. Mark Telworthy set forth from the Widow Meeker's door, in a huge cerement or wrapper of yellowish-brown cloth, patched here and there by thrifty fingers, and glistening with huge brass buttons, wherever a button could possibly be put, and carrying a green cotton-umbrella—the private property of Cicero.

"*Outre*, but comfortable," he muttered; "and now then for Wayland!"

Long and tedious seemed the journey ere the lights of Wayland gleamed out athwart the wet, and mist, and fog of the dismal autumn-night. It was a handsome, rather ostentatious-looking house, of gray stone, with a conservatory built out on one side, and a huge iron-fence with stone pillars inclosing it; but the lights shining redly, through drawn crimson curtains, presented a cheerful contrast to the gloom and darkness of the outer world.

"Thank goodness I am here," thought Mr. Telworthy, as he groped his way through the dripping box hedges and pulled the first bell he came to.

The door flew open as if by magic.

"Hallo, old feller! you've come at last, have you?" was the noisy greeting from a stout, good-humored looking man, who dragged him hospitably in. "Wet as a drowned rat, eh? Well, there's a fire in the kitchen would dry up the Deluge itself."

Mr. Telworthy had scarce recovered from the warmth of this salutation ere he received a clap on the back from a tall young man in his shirt-sleeves.

"I s'pose we may as well be friends," said this personage, as Telworthy turned rather indignantly round. "I'm the gardener."

"The gardener, eh?" said our hero, somewhat bewildered. "And who, in the name of all that's enigmatical, do you suppose *I* am?"

"You're Paul Peckerly, the new butler, down from York, and why the mischief you didn't come in the stage, instead of raining down this kind of way, I for one can't tell."

"O—I'm Paul Peckerly, the butler, am I?" said Mr. Telworthy, with a grim smile, and rather disposed to humor the joke. "Well, upon my word, you fellows read human nature pretty well."

"And here is Cook," said the tall young man, introducing a pretty female, "and this is Mary Smith the chambermaid, and Bessie the laundress; I assure you, Mr. Peckerly, we're quite a social little family down in the kitchen here. Let me take your coat, Mr. Peckerly—pretty well drenched, eh? O, I beg your pardon," for at this moment he caught sight of the personage who had first admitted the stranger, and who was bowing slowly, like a machine wound up and forgotten—"this is Mr. Layard, the—the gentleman whom you are about to supersede."

"I assure you, however," began that 'gentleman,' "there will be no ill-feeling between us. I resigned entirely voluntarily. Not but what the position has its advantages; the Forresters have a very good social standing here, and the old folks are very nice; but Miss Dora's a Tartar!"

"Miss Dora's a Tartar, is she?" inquired the new arrival, with a curious contraction of his brow.

The ex-butler shook his head ominously.

"You'll say so when you hear her scolding her father and mother, and kicking the cat across the floor, and threatening poor little Miss Kitty——"

"And who is Miss Kitty?"

"Well, she's a poor relation like; her father got killed in a railroad accident last year, and she's livin' here and making herself generally useful. She dresses Miss Dora's hair, and arranges the flowers in the vases, and helps Bessie with the fine laces, and—well, she does a good many things. Whew! there goes the bell—I'll bet five dollars it's Miss Dora's jerk!"

"I should think Miss Dora's jerk must be rather dangerous to the bell wires, then," said Telworthy, looking up at the vibrating coils of wire above him.

"It's coals," said Cook, shrewdly. "Mr. Layard, they ought to have been taken up long ago."

"Peckerly, *you* take 'em!" said the ex-butler, shrinking from his responsibilities. "I wouldn't go afore Miss Dora after *that* ring—no, not for a month's wages in advance!"

He thrust the coal hod into the stranger's unwilling hands and pushed him towards the door.

"Don't be afraid," said Cook, encouragingly, "they know you've come. It's just up two pair o' stairs and turn to the right. I'll go with you as far as the door."

Thus aided and abetted, Mr. Telworthy, ready for whatever other adventures a capricious Fate might send him, seized the coal scuttle, and boldly rushing up the "two pair o' stairs," knocked at the door designated by Cook, and in another moment stood in the presence of the whole Forrester family.

Stood, or rather rather prostrated himself, for, at the instant he entered, his foot catching in a loosely-tacked spot in the carpet, away he went, amid a volley of flying coals, landing on his knees.

Mr. Forrester, a mild old gentleman, with a bald forehead and spectacles, looked up from his newspaper.

"It seems to me, Peckerly, if that is your name, that you are rather awkward," he said.

"Stupid blockhead!" ejaculated a young lady who was stretched on a sofa on the opposite side of the room. "I never saw such a fool in my life! Pick up every coal—quick! and upon the velvet carpet too—blundering oaf!"

"Cousin Dora," said a soft voice from the centre-table, where a slender young girl in deep black was darning stockings from a well-filled basket, "perhaps the poor man could not help it."

"Hold your tongue, Kitty Moore," said Miss Forrester, tartly; "you're always meddling with what is no business of yours. Now then, stupid-head, if you're finished, go and carry that baggage that stands in the hall to the blue room. Kitty, you go and show him where."

"My dear," meekly interposed a plump old lady who sat basking before the fire, not unlike a magnificent Maltese cat, "perhaps the octagon room would be——"

"Nonsense, mamma," interrupted the dutiful daughter, "I do think you're in your dotage. *I* choose the blue room. It's too bad Mr. Telworthy don't come; when the stage left his trunks, I ran up and curled my hair so nicely, and all for nothing! I wish he was in Jericho—a fussy old bachelor with nothing on earth to recommend him but his money! What are you staring at, Kitty Moore?"

"Cousin Dora," said the young girl in black, with the color coming and going on her pale cheek, "you must not talk so about Mr. Mark Telworthy in my presence—he sent money to help bury papa, just because papa had been kind to *his* father years ago, and—and—I know he is good and noble."

"Well, upon my word!" said Miss Dora, bursting into a loud, discordant laugh that brought the scarlet tides into her cousin's cheek, "you'd better set your cap for him at once, Miss Pert."

"Dora!"

"Show the man up stairs this instant!" said Miss Forrester, stamping her pretty little foot, "and never presume to speak so to me again, unless you want to be turned out of doors!"

Kitty obeyed, though the tears were blinding her soft hazel eyes, and Telworthy shouldered his own trunks and stumbled clumsily up stairs with them.

The "blue room" was a cheerful apartment, deriving its name from the blue and gold papering upon the walls, with a bright fire sparkling on the hearth, and lamps burning on the mantel. Kitty Moore motioned to him where to deposit the trunks, and then stood a moment, with her forehead leaning against the mantel, and the firelight mirrored in her tear-swimming eyes. At length she turned.

"You may go, Peckerly."

But the *soi-disant* Peckerly seated himself resolutely on the biggest trunk.

"No, I *won't* go."

"Peckerly!"

"I'll be hanged if I stand it any longer!" ejaculated our hero. "Flesh and blood have their limits of endurance, and so have soul and spirit! I'm not Peckerly, the butler—I'm Mark Telworthy!"

Kitty shrank back; she evidently thought herself confronting an escaped lunatic. Telworthy drew up an arm-chair and beckoned her to seat herself. She obeyed, pale and trembling.

"And now I'll tell you all about it," said Mark Telworthy.

Kitty listened, with renewed color and returning smiles, to the strange recital.

"And are you really Mr. Telworthy?"

"I am really the Mark Telworthy who has never forgotten and will never forget the kindness Ambrose Moore extended to his father, years ago, and——"

Here, however, they were interrupted by the shrill accents of Miss Dora Forrester, who had stolen up stairs to ascertain the cause of this unwonted delay, and now stood with upraised hands in the doorway.

"I have caught you, Miss, have I?" exclaimed the young virago. "Flirting with a common butler! Well, of all things! But do not think we shall tolerate such conduct in *this* house. Put on your things and clear out, this very night, Katherine Moore. I give you just half an hour to pack your clothes—mere rags they are! As for you, sir,"—she turned wrathfully to the gentleman. He, however, was holding Kitty's cold hand in his.

"Obey your relative, Miss Moore," he said, with dignity, which not even the ginger-colored overcoat could entirely obscure. "Pack your trunk—in half an hour I will have a carriage at the door to take you to the R—— Depot. A few hours' ride will enable you to reach my mother's house, which shall henceforth be your home. Do not be afraid; I will constitute myself your escort."

"And who are you?" shrieked Miss Dora, nearly choked by passion.

"I am Mark Telworthy, at your service," he replied, bowing low, "'the fussy old bachelor' who has 'nothing on earth to recommend him but his money.'"

"I do not believe you."

"You may credit me or not, as you please, Miss Forrester—I have told you the truth."

And, descending the stairs, he quietly explained to the mild old gentleman with the bald head and spectacles, the curious mistake by which he had been enabled to catch a glimpse of the inner workings of the household machinery.

"A droll *contretemps*, sir," said the old gentleman, with an attempt at pleasantry. "But surely, Mr. Telworthy, you will remain our guest, now that the misunderstanding is all rectified?"

Mr. Telworthy excused himself—he had promised to escort Kitty Moore to his mother's house, and he kept his promise.

And a year afterwards, when Dora Forrester read in the newspapers his marriage to Katherine Moore, she had the pleasure of being quite conscious that it was her own fault.

The real Peckerly arrived the morning after the storm—a plump, sleek butler, who gave very much better satisfaction than his representative had done. But Miss Dora somehow associated him with the downfall of her matrimonial castle-in-the-air, and never could endure the sight of him!

## HAPPINESS.

The contemplation of human affairs will lead us to this conclusion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happiness is preserved in a great measure equal, and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended that any state here should be either perfectly happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous and more lively in the highest departments of life, such also are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie most of the natural satisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true. In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be to the disposal of Providence! How temperate in our desires and pursuits! How much more attentive to preserve our virtue and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity.

## I'M AGAIN WITH MY TRUE LOVE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Weary, weary, weary waiting
Through the day and through the night,
For her voice's tender music,
For her blue eyes' loving light!
Ah! are all her vows forgotten,
Voices she breathed so sweet, so deep
Where the vesper myrtles murmur,
Where the answering waters sweep?

Down the question!—She *is* faithful:
Fate alone keeps her away:
Yet to-night she'll give new starlight,
Yet new sunshine to the day!
Myrtles, murmur! Waters, answer!
Nested yet shall be my dove!
O, I see her coming!—Rapture!
I'm again with my true love!

## SUCH HORRID RED HAIR!

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"That is enough, Mr. Bray," said Susan Brown, hotly. "My hand is not merchandize, to be bartered away thus."

"If you will hear me through, Miss Susan," said the old lawyer, drily, "you may be better able to judge. It is left entirely optional, as you will see."

Again Mr. Bray bent his eyes upon the roll of paper he held in his hand.

"In case, after a suitable opportunity has been had for acquaintance, there should be a mutual disinclination to marry, the estate is to be equally divided between yourself and cousin. Mr. Edward may be as averse as you. When he comes to-morrow, you can talk it over with him, and can, no doubt, be able to form some satisfactory arrangement."

"But I refuse in toto. I won't consent to be treated like a piece of goods, to be taken or rejected at pleasure!"

"Very well. In that case you have only three hundred a year, and only the full control of that when you reach maturity."

"It is immaterial. I have a good education, and can support myself."

Mr. Bray looked annoyed. Parchment-like as he was in appearance, he had a heart, and took no little interest in his wilful young ward, the daughter of an old friend.

"My dear child, you talk foolishly. I but mention this in order that you may see how much you will lose by taking the initial step in this matter. You will, of course, remain here until you marry, or become of age."

"And in the meantime be subject to the critical inspection of my lordly cousin; to be subject to his order; accepted or declined according to his pleasure," was Susan's inward comment; and tapping her little foot upon the carpet, she compressed her lips with a determined air.

"I really wish you would take a more sensible view of the matter, my dear," resumed Mr. Bray, speaking very much in the tone that one would use to a spoiled child. "How can you tell whether you will like your cousin, or not, until you have seen him?"

"I *have* seen him. I saw him at Uncle Robert's when I was a little girl and he was about fifteen. And of all the overbearing, conceited boys *I* ever saw, he was the most disagreeable. —forever telling one they ought to do this, and they ought not to do that! He quite spoiled my visit. Besides, he has got——"

"Has got what?" inquired Mr. Bray as Susan colored and hesitated. "Nothing that's contagious, I hope?"

"He has red hair. I don't care if you *do* laugh! Red hair is my abomination, and I won't marry a man that has it. They are always sure to be quick-tempered and quarrelsome."

"And people with black hair are always sure to be good-tempered and amiable, I suppose," said Mr. Bray, with a shy glance at his ward's jetty braids. "Well, well, we'll see what your cousin says when he comes. It's *my* duty as your guardian to look after your interests."

"He can come if he likes; but his coming will not change my resolution. The property he can have, but *I* am not at his lordship's disposal."

Here, intent on securing that feminine necessity, "the last word," the wilful young lady left the room, leaving her guardian in a state of mingled perplexity and vexation at what he inwardly termed "her absurd conduct."

"I received your letter, Mr. Bray, and was surprised to learn the disposition my uncle had made of his property and—his daughter."

Mr. Bray glanced keenly from beneath his bushy eye-brows at the face which, though almost as fair as a woman's, was full of character and resolution.

"Your uncle had some rather peculiar notions. I believe he thought your father had not his share of the paternal estate, and has taken this method to right the wrong without impoverishing his daughter."

"I find no fault with my uncle's *intentions.* Had he chosen to atone for my grandfather's partiality by a regular bequest, I should have had no objections; but the conditions attached to this make it impossible for me honorably to accept it."

Mr. Bray shrugged his shoulders with a perplexed, almost impatient air.

"Here's a pair of 'em!" was his inward ejaculation; "was ever mortal saddled with two such perverse specimens of humanity?"

"That is by no means certain," he said, aloud. "Let us hope that a mutual acquaintance will lead to a mutual——"

"Excuse me," interrupted the young man, hastily, "but the very fact that such a thing *has* been hoped and expected will put an effectual bar to it. I hold, that in so important a relation as marriage, the heart should be entirely unbiassed by considerations of a selfish nature. I should like to see my cousin, in order that I may personally assure her that both her hand and fortune are at her disposal."

Mr. Bray touched the bell.

"Ann," he said, to the servant who answered it, "tell Susan that Mr. Edward Brown is in the library, waiting to see her."

"Miss Susan has just gone out, sir."

Mr. Bray looked annoyed, for he shrewdly conjectured this to be a plan of the young lady's to avoid the interview he was so anxious to bring about.

Possibly his visitor shared this suspicion; but if so, he betrayed no consciousness of it, simply saying, as he arose from his seat:

"Business calls me to an adjoining town. I will call again on my return. In the meantime, I beg that you will assure my cousin that I shall take no unworthy advantage of the powers conferred upon me by her father's will."

"A fine-looking fellow!" thought Mr. Bray, as the door closed after him. "And if that perverse ward of mine gets him for a husband, she'll do better than——she deserves!"

"Gone! my cousin gone!" echoed Mr. Edward Brown, "where to?"

"That is what I've tried vainly to discover," said Mr. Bray, with a rueful air. "All the clue she left behind her is this note, in which she states her resolution to depend entirely upon herself, until she is entitled to the annuity left her by her father.

The young man examined attentively, and with a thoughtful and troubled air, the delicately traced words; and, when he arose to leave, begged permission to retain them.

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"May I g'out?"
"You may sit down."
"Ou! ou! O! Oooo!"
"John Henry, come here."

"I didn't go for to do it; Tom Higgins stuck a pin into me. Boo, hoo, hoo!"

"I didn't nuther!" retorted Thomas, with an air of injured innocence. "He threw a paper pellet, and hit me right in the eye, so there!"

"He did. I seed him do it," said a little shaver, on the front seat.

"Thomas, take your book and stand in that corner. John Henry, take yours, and go to the back seat. Now see if you two can keep from quarrelling."

"Thomas, stop that noise, or I'll give you something to cry about."

Here Thomas subsided into a subdued whimper and sniffle, that, if anything, were more trying to the nerves than his former loud lamentations.

The day was hot, and the room close and uncomfortable, and her temples throbbed with a dull, heavy pain, that grew, momentarily, harder to bear.

Was this the "delightful task" she had read about, "of teaching the young idea how to shoot?" Candor compels us to state that she felt more like shooting the young idea, if these were specimens of it. Poor Susan! she was already heartily sick of it.

"First class in geography."

As the children came trooping out upon the floor, Susan, glancing out of the window, saw 'Squire Tomkins, one of "the committee," accompanied by the strange gentleman, who had been stopping at his house for the last fortnight. She had seen the latter at church, and had been struck by his quiet, well-bred demeanor. He had several times passed by the school-house, in his fishing and hunting excursions, glancing in at the half-open door with a sharp, but pleasant look.

Susan watched them in the faint hope that they would go by. But no, they steered straight for the door; it being one of 'Squire Tomkins' hobbies, the "little great man" of the village, to take every stranger in to see the school of which he was "*the* committee."

Their appearance upon the step was heralded by a smart rap upon the door from the 'Squire's cane, accompanied by the sonorous "ahem!" with which he usually signalized his approach.

Pushing back the braids from her moist temples, Susan opened it; trying to still her nerves, and assume the dignity becoming her position, by indulging in the desperate hope that her charge would behave a little less like wild savages than they had thus far during the day.

Susan had a confused recollection of hearing the 'Squire say something about "my friend, Charles Edwards," and then ushered them in—seating them upon the "platform," in full view of the restless, staring school, some of which giggled audibly.

With a patronizing wave of the hand, the 'Squire "begged that Miss Brown wouldn't mind him; but go on just as if he wasn't there."

Susan "went on" accordingly, or rather the school "went on," pretty much as it had a mind to, conducting as children generally do when they are expected to behave the best.

At the close of the exercises, 'Squire Tomkins capped the climax, by asking the school some questions. And had not she been so intensely mortified, Susan could not have avoided a smile at their ingeniously opposite replies, as well as the 'Squire's good-natured attempts to twist them into something somewhere near to what they ought to have been.

Now we are afraid that, if it had been the teacher they had last term, Miss Polly Baker, an elderly maiden, and plain at that, instead of a young and very pretty woman, 'Squire Tomkins would have come to the conclusion that she had decidedly mistaken her vocation. But, as it was, Susan's black eyes and cheeks like the heart of a June rose made the 'Squire conveniently oblivious to every thing except her evident desire to discharge her duties aright.

So, in his remarks to the shool, though he was obliged to acknowledge that there was considerable room for improvement, he put in the saving clause, "that, on the whole, they did credit to their teacher."

He furthermore informed them, "that the next day would be a holiday, as there was going to be a pic-nic, which he wanted their teacher to attend."

When Susan turned her back upon the school-room that night, which she did with an infinite sense of relief, she was firm in the resolution she had formed "that she would attend no pic-nic." She also indulged in various bitter reflections upon the unconscious Charles Edwards, who, with all his grave sympathizing looks, she was convinced, was inwardly amused at her various blunders and mortifications; ending in the fervent hope, "that should never see his face again."

The next morning arose clear and beautiful, and Susan arose with it, and in a much more amiable frame of mind. And when Mrs. 'Squire Tomkins sent word that the carriage would call in half an hour to take her to the pic-nic, she concluded to go. And when she got there, Mr. Edwards was so attentive and so intent on making every thing pleasant for her that she quite changed her opinion of him, and went home thinking "that he had the most expressive eyes and the pleasantest smile she ever saw."

After this, it is curious how often they met—Mr. Edwards and Susan—all by the merest chance, of course! And it is still more curious how soon this acquaintance ripened into intimacy.

Mr. Edwards generally happened to pass the school-house about time school closed, and, of course, would not do so ungallant a thing as to let Susan walk home alone.

He gave Susan a good many valuable hints in regard to the management of her school, for he had taught a good deal himself, getting his education by that means, as he told her in the brief outline he gave her of his history.

So Susan gradually found her pupils growing more tractable, and, as a natural consequence, her situation much more pleasant.

But when she announced her intention of taking the school another term, Mr. Edwards put a veto on it, by declaring, "that he wanted her himself!"

What Susan said, in reply, is neither your business nor mine, reader. But this we can safely say, that, like the generality of women, she wasn't half so astonished at what she was pleased to term "his impudence," as she pretended to be.

Mr. Edwards listened rather gravely to Susan's half-penitent, half-exultant account of the whys and wherefores of her leaving her friends and home, saying, at its conclusion:

"That cousin of yours must be a terrible-looking fellow to have frightened you into taking such step. You saw him once when he was a lad, you say?"

"Yes; and was he *so* disagreeable, with such horrid red hair."

Mr. Edwards laughed.

"Now some people are ill-natured enough to call *my* hair red. I'm inclined to think that it must be rather of the flame-colored order—having a distinct recollection of riding through the streets with my father, when a lad and some rude boys called out to me 'that my head was on fire.'"

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Susan, passing her hand caressingly over the soft, waving locks that were her especial pride and admiration. "It is just the prettiest shade of auburn in the world."

"I am glad you think so. But now I would go back to my guardian. It will be much pleasanter for you; and I should certainly prefer taking my wife openly and honorably, and not as though I was doing something to be ashamed of."

"But supposing he won't give his consent," said Susan, rather dubiously, "and should insist on my marrying my cousin, what will you do then?"

"I can better tell when that time comes. But of this you may be sure, that I shall not give you up."

Contrary to Susan's expectations, Mr. Bray did not look at all surprised when she walked, unannounced, into the room where he was sitting.

"You see I have kept my word, Mr. Bray," said Mr. Edward, who followed close behind. "This young lady is your ward and my promised wife, Miss Susan Brown."

"One good turn deserves another," replied Mr. Bray, rising from his seat. "Miss Susan, allow me to introduce to you your cousin, Mr. Charles Edward Brown."

"*So* disagreeable, and with such horrid red hair!" whispered her lover, with a roguish look, as Susan turned towards him with a bewildered air.

"Oh, Charles, how *could* you deceive me so!"

"Not at all, my love; the error in my name was of your own making. You insisted on calling me by my second instead of my last name, and it was not for me to contradict you. However, if you feel aggrieved, I will release you from your promise, simply stipulating that I shall have the privilege of wooing you over again under my own proper name and character."

If Susan obliged him to do this, he made quick work of it, for the next morning they started out on their bridal tour.

Love is a great beautifier; and when her husband rallies her, as he often does, on having married a man "with such horrid red hair," Susan retorts by declaring "that it is just the prettiest shade of auburn in the world."

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Haunted houses there are in plenty if stories are to be believed. Therefore it may not surprise you to hear that in a certain portion of Staten Island, which shall be nameless, there stood and still stands an old farm-house which, according to the belief of the whole village, was positively haunted.

It belonged to a gentleman who, though enormously wealthy, was reputed to be exceedingly careful, if not miserly, in pecuniary matters, and whose fondness for money was so great that he had disowned a spendthrift son and a daughter who had married a poor man, lest they should claim assistance at his hands, and now lived quite alone, melancholy and unhappy, as one might suppose, but as deeply attached as ever to his money bags.

A more rapacious landlord never lived. His rents were collected the very moment upon which they came due, and nothing troubled him so much as to be requested to make repairs. And this particular house to which we have alluded being surrounded by several acres of land, and much the more valuable portion of his real estate, was naturally the object of his greatest affection.

It was a great joy to Moses Pocketfull to ride to bank with his rents on quarter day—perhaps the very sweetest he had ever known.

To hear evil tales about your best and dearest is not pleasant. You would not like to hear your children slandered, or your brother, or your wife. As you might feel should any one scandalize those relatives to you, old Moses Pocketfull felt when one quarter day Mrs. Ruff, tenant of his best and dearest house, said as she took his receipt:

"I shall bear it no longer—I can't, Mr. Pocketfull; I must leave this awful house."

"Awful house!" cried Moses. "Why, what is the matter with it?"

"Matter?" cried Mrs. Ruff. "Oh, if you only could live here a night and a day! It isn't the repairs. The garret leaks and we need plastering; but I don't wish to move for those reasons."

"What reasons *have* you then?" cried old Pocketfull.

"Well," said Mrs. Ruff, solemnly—"believe me or not—the place is haunted."

"You've gone crazy," said Moses.

"It's haunted, sir," said Mrs. Ruff. And then came stories of noises heard at midnight, of loaves of bread and pitchers of milk vanishing as though by magic—of groans and moans and knockings, and at last of an awful object seen by Mrs. Ruff herself at midnight—a tall spectre, of which she could not speak without terror—a woman who carried a baby in her arms, both wailing woefully.

"And stay I can't, Mr. Pocketfull," said the lady; "so I'm going to-morrow, and shall sleep at my sister's to night, for brave that ghost again I never will."

So rave as Moses Pocketfull might, and vow as he might that the woman was mad and that no ghost ever crossed the threshold of one of his houses, away the Ruffs moved, and, moreover, the neighborhood was on the *qui vive* in regard to the ghost story. No one perhaps really felt convinced that anything had been seen; but the house was under an evil ban from that day, and Moses Pocketfull found it hard to let it.

At last, however, a German with a large family arrived in the place, and without question hired the house of its owner. He knew no one and had never heard the ghost story, and being a fat, rosy fellow with no imagination, was as safe a tenant for a house full of odd noises as could be imagined.

He paid a month's rent in advance, brought to the dwelling his frau and ten children, his chairs, tables, clothes-presses, trombone, piano, and lager beer kegs, and declared his intention "never to move no more so long as never vas."

Moses was happy. Alas! a week from the payment of the first advance the tenant arrived at his landlord's dwelling with his rubicund face pallid with terror and with anger flashing in his eye, and standing before Moses, demanded that he should—

"Gif back de rent and let me go."

"You must be crazy," said Moses.

"Yah," said the German, "I makes crazy ven I lives mit a ghost! Vat for you never tell in dis house of yours bees a ghost?"

"Pshaw!" said Moses. "Those ignorant critters have been telling you lies."

"Nobody tells me," said the German. "I goes in mine house and I bees comfortable; I has mine good friend and ve drinks lager and shmokes our meerschaum and plays my trombone and sings, and goes to bed; und in de night my friend comes to my door—'Mistar Spragenhausen,' he says mit me, 'you comes here—you mit Mrs. Spragenhausen.' Den me comes. 'What did happen?' me say.

"'I see a ghost,' says he.

"'You got little too much lager, mine friend,' says I. Says he:

"'No. It vas a ghost. I must go dis night.'

"Away he goes. Me laugh so as never vas. Me say dis is de lager in his head. But next night ve laughs not—comes de ghost again; a voman mit a childs. Mrs. Spragenhausen sees it. She says she stay no more. Den she tell de neighbors. 'Vell, vell,' dey say, 'Mr. Pocketfull know dis. He know dere is a ghost dere ven he let his house.' Gif me back mine monies; you are one cheat!"

"You're only skeered," said Mr. Pocketfull. "There aint any such things as ghosts—in this country anyhow."

But though the month's rent never was returned, the German moved next day. And to cut a long story short, Mr. Pocketfull's house was thereafter occupied by no one longer than a week. Strangers would hire it, and, witnessing the strange sight and hearing the strange sounds, depart in terror—persons ignorant about this, or tempted by the low rent to which the dwelling came through its reputation. Even a clergyman, who, being of the Methodist belief, protested that if even Satan were there in proper person, he would "pray him out," moved in evident trepidation on the third morning of his residence, utterly refusing to tell what had driven him away, and endeavoring to lead people to the belief that damp and nothing else caused him to fly the spot. The effort was useless; every one knew that the Rev. ——— had seen the ghost, especially when he preached on the next Sunday a furious sermon against superstition.

At last no one would approach the house, and old Pocketfull, at his wits' end, with his house profitless and his feelings deeply injured, went to a lawyer for advice.

How should he let his house—how gain for it its old comfortable reputation as a respectable dwelling, void of ghosts.

"Pay some one to sleep there," said the lawyer. "Let this be known, and at a moderate rent you can let your house at once."

And Moses decided to act upon the advice. He offered ten dollars to any one or two who would sleep there without misadventure. No one appeared. He offered ten; then twenty. Still he only advertised the fact that the house was too terrible a place to be occupied on any terms. He had done more harm than good, and in desperation he advanced from twenty to thirty, to fifty, to seventy-five, to one hundred. Then there marched into his room one morning three young fellows, strangers to the place, who stated that they had seen the advertisement and were afraid of nothing; and overjoyed Moses gave them the keys and bid them do their best, even if the rats did squeak and rattle behind the wainscot not to fancy ghosts about them. And that night it was known that three strangers were to sleep in Moses Pocketfull's haunted house, to prove that the ghost either had departed or never had been there at all.

They were young men, full of fun and not in the least apprehensive of any supernatural visitation. To secure their comfort they conveyed into the haunted house a large mattress and sundry blankets, and having eaten a hearty supper in the desolate kitchen, retired and slept.

Their slumbers were deep, and the rats scampered and the shutters flapped without awakening them for a long time.

But at last the soundest sleeper of the three was started from his slumbers by cries of terror from his two companions, and when sufficiently awakened to know what was passing around him, found himself alone. Something had evidently alarmed his comrades for they had flown, leaving him quite alone.

Starting to his feet he followed them, overcome with terror which he could not explain to himself, longing for human presence for relief and not daring to remain alone in the empty room. He descended the stairs, calling upon his friends, but hearing no reply, and stood at last in the empty kitchen. The moonlight lay across it, for the window and door were both wide open, and in the mellow beams stood an object which curdled the blood of the spectator. The spectral form of a woman, tall and gaunt, holding a babe to her bosom, and looking at him with hollow eyes which seemed to pierce him through and through.

The young man stood still.

"It is true, then," he thought, "such things are seen by mortal eyes. Will it speak to me? Will it approach me?" and even as these thoughts were in his mind the spectre moved, coming toward him with a swift, gliding step, keeping her eyes upon his face, and vanished in the darkness.

But the moment that it passed him he stretched out his hand and caught at it. His fingers closed upon substance—upon the rough fringe of a woolen shawl, and on the instant his courage returned. He followed the flying figure and saw it descend the cellar stairs, then he secured the door and went to search for his companions, whom he found hidden in a haystack in a state of delirious terror.

At first no explanation could induce them to face the ghost, whom they were fully persuaded was at their heels; but finally they withdrew their heads from the sheltering hay and listened to the assertion that the ghost was a living woman, and was now imprisoned in the cellar; descend thither, however, they wouldn't, until Moses Pocketfull, several persons of importance and authority, and a little throng of curious neighbors had been summoned to the spot. Then, rendered courageous by numbers, the door was opened, and the little procession, provided with lamps and clubs, penetrated to the recesses of the cellar.

It was a damp, wretched hole, unused for years because of its condition, and extremely dark—a ghostly place enough; and, as their eyes descried a gaunt figure at the farther end, the bravest felt a strong disposition to retreat. But Moses Pocketfull, furious in his anger against the being who had been the cause of such great pecuniary loss to him, advanced and seized the shrinking form in an iron grasp, and held her—her babe wailing in her arms—as the rest gathered around:

"Who are you?" he cried, "and what are you doing here?"

And a faint voice answered:

"Don't you know me, father? It is your daughter, Ann."

And Moses Pocketfull staggered back with a groan.

So the ghost was laid, and the truth known at last. The misers's daughter, to whom, because of her marriage with a poor man, he had refused aid and shelter in her widowhood, driven to desperation, had concealed herself in this deserted cellar with a babe but a few days old. There, for a year, she had been hidden, subsisting on such food as she could purloin at night, and sleeping on a bundle of straw in the damp and unaired place, until bad air and starvation had made her ghastly enough to be indeed taken for a spectre. A helpless, useless sort of woman, she had never thought it possible to earn her own bread, and had, to the best of her ability, encouraged the terror of those who inhabited the house, hoping in the end to become its sole occupant.

She was worn to a skeleton, and seemed to have but little hold upon life, and her piteous tale excited such sympathy in the breasts of her listeners that popular opinion grew too strong for even old Moses to resist. And so, of his large possessions, he made provision for his daughter and her child, and installed them comfortably in the house they had so long haunted, to which, with all the rest of his real estate, they became heirs at his death, which occurred shortly afterwards.

◆

—Things, done well and with a care, exempt themselves from fear: things, done with example, in their issue are to be feared.

◆

—Intuition is the attendant of genius; gradual improvement that of talent.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

A Sufficient Reason.—Shuter, the famous comedian, was never without a joke or whimsical story. He used to give the cries of London on his annual benefit at the theatre; and the day before one of these benefits, he followed through several streets a man whose cry of his wares was peculiar. At last Shuter stopped him, and told him he was Ned Shuter, and had followed him for half an hour in hopes to hear him cry his usual cry. "Why, Master Shuter," said the man, "*my wife died this morning, and I cannot cry.*"

Too Civil by Half.—A learned Irish judge, among other peculiarities, has a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. Once his favorite expression was employed in a rather singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me," said his lordship, "*I really beg his pardon*—bring him in."

A gentleman coming to an inn in Ohio, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was. "I'm a Yankee," said the fellow, "and have lived sixteen years here." "I wonder," replied the gentleman, "that, in so long a time, so clever a fellow as you seem to be have not come to be master of the inn yourself." "Aye," answered the ostler, "but the landlord is a Yankee too."

Sir William Davenant, the poet, had no nose, and going along the Mews one day, a beggar woman followed him, crying, "Ah! God preserve your eyesight, sir; the Lord preserve your eye-sight." "Why, good woman," said he, "do you pray so much for my eye-sight?" "Ah! dear sir," answered the woman, "if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no place to hang your spectacles on."

A certain Lord B—— had married three wives, who had all been his servants; a beggar-woman meeting him one day in the street, made him a very low curtesy. "Ah, bless your lordship," said she, "and send you a long life; for if you do but live long enough, we shall all be ladies in time."

Irish Repartee.—The turn for repartee in the Irish of all-classes is proverbial. An Englishman, the other day, intending to be smart upon some bricklayers' laborers, said they were "Odd Fellows." "No, plase your honor," rejoined Pat; "we are Hod Fellows!"

A young man who went out on a sailing party last week and became a victim to sea-sickness, describes the sensation thus: "The first hour I was afraid I should die; and the second I was afraid I shouldn't."

A man who applied for a divorce in Indiana on the ground of "incompatibility of temper," being asked to exhibit his certificate of marriage, showed several scars on his head each about as big as a half dollar: no further questions were asked.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Said Ann's preceptor, a kiss is a noun;
But tell me if *proper* or *common*—he cried.
With cheeks of vermillion, and eyelids cast down,
'Tis both *common* and *proper*, the pupil replied.

A person was saying, not at all to the purpose, that Samson was a very strong man. "Ay," said another, "but you are much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him in by the head and shoulders."

"Eleonora, wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?" asked the officiating clergyman. "Yeth, thir, if you pleath," lisped Eleonora, dropping a pretty courtesy and her perfumed handkerchief.

"I resort to wine to stimulate my wits," said a young spendthrift to an old one. "Ah!" replied the veteran, "that is the way I *began*; but now I have to resort to my wits to get my wine."

Extravagance Punished.—A lawyer, wishing to rid himself of an obnoxious clerk, discharged him on account of his waste of time and ink, occasioned by crossing his t's and dotting his i's.

Frightful Orthography.—At a baker's, at the upper end of Third Avenue, the following vitally important intelligence is conveyed by a paper in the window:—"*Vitals* baked *here.*"

## CURRENT ITEMS.

The ride of fifteen persons clinging to the baggage car of a Naugatuck Railroad train, which had broken through a bridge over a swollen stream, and was swept away in pitchy darkness, a few nights ago, was one of the most frightful things of the kind that has occurred this many a day. Seven of the unfortunates lost their hold and were drowned.

The estimated cost of the bridge proposed to be built across the East river from New York to Brooklyn, is published at $6,675,357. Should the increase in the *actual* over the *estimated* cost of the structure be as great as in the case of the Harlem bridge, the bills will swamp everybody connected with the enterprise.

A wealthy gentleman, living in a neighboring village, lately went insane. He first exhibited his disease by coming to the city and making purchases of costly goods which he had no use for, and then selling them at a heavy loss. On complaint of his family he was adjudged a lunatic, and provided for accordingly.

Three girls—two of them seventeen and one eighteen years old—attempted to commit suicide last week, on account of destitution and despair. They had been enticed from their homes in New England, brought to this city, and then deserted and left to starve.

A well-dressed and innocent-looking lady was detected in stealing valuable laces in a Broadway store, on last Monday afternoon. On being taken before a justice she was discovered to be an old offender in the shop-lifting line of crime.

The upper part of Westchester county seems of late to be the chosen field of highwaymen, and lawyers seem to be their favorite victims. Every week some "member of the bar" is set upon and robbed in that region.

Parties having rooms to let must look out for swindlers and thieves, who hunt in couples, and while one goes with the landlady to look at the rooms, the other stays below and steals the valuables, if any are to be found.

The wheat crop of the United States this year is estimated at two hundred and sixty millions of bushels, and the corn crop at over two hundred millions of bushels;—rather high estimates, it seems to us.

A young man living in Hoboken, in attempting to draw a ramrod from a loaded gun, discharged the weapon accidentally, and the ramrod and charge passing through his breast killed him dead on the spot.

A woman and babe were found in a starving condition in a tenement house in Brooklyn, a few days ago. The woman was ill and had been deserted by her husband, and chose to starve rather than beg.

A woman was found dead in Mulberry street, the other morning, with a deep cut over her left eye, and a wound, as from a dagger, on her left shoulder. No clue to the murderers could be found.

The engineer of a steam hoisting machine, on the East river, getting caught in his machinery, on Friday of last week, was torn and mangled in a shocking manner, resulting in death.

A statistician states that more money is expended in New York and its suburbs for alcoholic and fermented drinks than for clothing, and for tobacco than for bread.

A wealthy young merchant of this city, while travelling in Canada, went bathing in the Ottawa river, and getting into what is called a "sand hole," he was drowned.

In New Jersey bone-boilers are fined $75 for every offence "whereby a noisome, offensive and annoying smoke and smell are emitted *contrary to law.*"

Hon. John M. Helm was inaugurated Governor of Kentucky on Tuesday, September 3d, and was buried on Tuesday, September 10th.

A boy fourteen years old was run over and instantly killed, on Sunday afternoon, in Centre street, by a Fourth Avenue Railroad car.

Travellers from the Rocky Mountain region say that tons of mail matter are used along the route for filling up mud-holes and gulches.

A base-ball player had one of his eyes knocked out with a ball, on Wednesday of last week.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1867.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former* as well as his present address.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

### By HORACE GREELEY.

### No. VIII.

### MY FAITH.

I must have been about ten years old when, in some school-book, whereof I have forgotten the name, I first read an account of the treatment of the Athenians by Demetrius, called Poliorcetes (Destroyer of Cities,) one of the successors of "Macedonia's madman." I cannot rëdiscover that account; so I must be content with the far tamer and less vivid narration of the French historian Rollin:

> "Demetrius had withdrawn himself to Ephesus after the battle of Ipsus, [wherein he was routed,] and thence embarked for Greece: his whole resources being trusted to the affection of the Athenians, with whom he had left his fleet, money and wife, Deidamia. But he was strangely surprised and offended when he was met on his way by embassadors from the Athenians, who came to apprize him that he could not be admitted into their city; because the people had, by a decree, prohibited the reception of any of the kings; they also informed him that his consort, Deidamia, had been conducted to Megara with all the honors and attendance due to her dignity. Demetrius was then sensible of the value of honors and homages extorted by fear, and which did not proceed from the will. The posture of his affairs not permitting him to revenge the perfidy of that people, he contented himself with intimating his complaints to them in a moderate manner, and demanded his galleys; with which, as soon as he had received them, he sailed toward the Chersonesus."

Not many months elapsed before, through one of those strange and sudden mutations which were frequent throughout his career, the fortunes of Demetrius were completely restored, and he was enabled to settle his running account with those who had proved so treacherous in his adversity. I return here to the narration of Rollin:

> "Athens, as we have already observed, had revolted from Demetrius, and shut her gates against him. But, when that prince thought he had sufficiently provided for the security of his territories in Asia, he moved against that rebellious and ungrateful city, with a resolution to punish her as she deserved. The first year was devoted to the conquest of the Messenians and of some other cities which had quitted his party; but he returned the next season to Athens, which he closed, blocked up, and reduced to the last extremity, by cutting of all influx of provisions. A fleet of a hundred and fifty sail, sent by King Ptolemy to succor the Athenians, and which appeared off the coast of Ægina, afforded them but a transient joy; for, when this naval force saw a strong fleet arrive from Peloponnesus to the assistance of Demetrius, besides a great number of other vessels from Cyprus, and that the whole amounted to three hundred, they weighed anchor and fled.
>
> "Although the Athenians had issued a decree by which they made it a capital offence for any person even to mention a peace with Demetrius, the extremity to which they were reduced obliged them to open their gates to him. When he entered the city, he commanded the inhabitants to assemble in the theatre, which he surrounded with armed troops, and posted his guards on either side of the stage where the dramatic pieces were wont to be performed; and then, descending from the upper part of the theatre, in the manner usual with actors, he showed himself to the multitude, who seemed more dead than alive, and awaited the event in inexpressible terror, expecting it would prove their sentence to destruction; but he dissipated their apprehensions by the first words he uttered: for he did not raise his voice like a man enraged, nor deliver himself in any passionate or insulting terms; but softened the tones of his voice, and only addressed to them gentle complaints and amicable expostulations. He pardoned their offence and restored them to his favor—presenting them, at the same time, with 100,000 measures of corn [wheat,] and reinstating such magistrates as were most agreeable to them. The joy of this people may be easily conceived from the terrors with which they were previously affected; and how glorious must that prince be who could *always* support so admirable a character!"

Reflecting with admiration on this exhibition of a magnanimity too rare in human annals, I was moved to inquire if a spirit so nobly, so wisely transcending the mean and savage impulse which Man too often disguises as Justice, when it is in essence Revenge, might not be reverently termed Divine; and the firm conclusion to which I was finally led imported that the old Greek's treatment of vanquished rebels or prostrate enemies must forcibly image and body forth that of the "King immortal, invisible, and only wise God."

When I reached this conclusion, I had never seen one who was called or who called himself a Universalist, and I neither saw one nor read a page of any one's writings for years thereafter. I had only heard that there were a few graceless reprobates and scurvy outcasts who pretended to believe that all men would be saved, and to wrench the Scriptures into some sort of conformity to their mockery of a creed. I had read the Bible through, much of it repeatedly, but when quite too infantile to form any coherent, definite synopsis of the doctrines I presumed to be taught therein. But, soon after entering a printing-office, I procured exchanges with several Universalist periodicals, and was thenceforth familiar with their methods of interpretation and of argument; though I first heard a sermon preached by one of this school while passing through Buffalo, about 1830; and I was acquainted with no society and no preacher of this faith prior to my arrival in New York, in August, 1831; when I made my way, on the first Sunday morning of my sojourn, to the little chapel in Pitt-street, near Grand,—about the size of an average country school-house,—where Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, then quite young, ministered to a congregation of perhaps a hundred souls; to which congregation I soon afterward attached myself; remaining a member of it until he left the city.

I am not, therefore, to be classed with those who claim to have been converted from one creed to another by studying the Bible alone. Certainly, upon rëreading that book in the light of my new convictions, I found therein abundant proof of their correctness in the averments of patriarchs,* prophets,† apostles,‡ and of the Messiah § himself. But, not so much in particular passages, however pertinent and decisive, as in the spirit and general scope of the Gospel—so happily blending inexorable punishment for every offence with unfailing pity and ultimate forgiveness for the chastened transgressor—thus saving sinners from sin by leading them, through suffering, to loathe and forsake it; and in laying down its Golden Rule, which, if of universal application, (and why not?) must be utterly inconsistent with the infliction of infinite and unending torture as the penalty of transient, and often ignorant, offending, did I find ample warrant for my hope and trust that all suffering is disciplinary and transitional, and shall ultimately result in universal holiness and consequent happiness.

In the light of this faith, the dark problem of Evil is irradiated and virtually solved. "Perfect through suffering" was the way traced out for the great Captain of our Salvation: then why not for all the children of Adam? To say that temporary affliction is as difficult to reconcile with Divine goodness as eternal agony, is to defy reason and insult common sense. The history of Joseph's perfidious sale into slavery by his brethren, and the Divine overruling ‖ of that crime into a means of vast and permanent blessing to the entire family of Jacob, is directly in point. Once conceive that an Omniscient Beneficence presides over and directs the entire course of human affairs, leading ever onward and upward to universal purity and bliss, and all evil becomes phenomenal and preparative—a mere curtain or passing cloud, which hides for a moment the light of the celestial and eternal day.

I am not wise enough, even in my own conceit, to assume to say where and when the deliverance of our race from evil and suffering shall be consummated. Perceiving that many leave this stage of being depraved and impenitent, I cannot believe that they will be transformed into angels of purity by the intervention of a circumstance so purely physical and involuntary as death. Holding that the government of God is everywhere and always perfect, (however inadequate may be our comprehension of it,) I infer that, alike in all worlds, men will be chastised whenever they shall need to be, and that neither by suicide nor any other device can a single individual escape the penalty of his evil-doing. If man is punished because he *needs* to be—because that is best for him—why should such discipline be restricted to this span of life? While I know that the words translated hell, eternal, &c., in our version of the Bible, bear various meanings which the translators have befogged—giving hell, the grave, the pit, &c., as equivalents of the one Hebrew term that signifies the unseen home of departed souls—and while I am sure that the luxuriant metaphors whereby a state of anguish and suffering are depicted were not meant to be taken literally—I yet realize that human iniquity is often so flagrant and enormous that its punishment, to be just and efficient, must be severe and protracted. How or where it will be inflicted are matters of incident and circumstance, not of principle or of primary consequence. Enough that it will be administered by One who "doth not willingly ¶ [that is, wantonly] afflict nor grieve the children of men," but because their own highest good demands it and would be prejudiced by His withholding it. But I do not dogmatize nor speculate. I rest in a more assured conviction of what Tennyson timidly yet impressively warbles, in mourning the death of his beloved friend:

"O yet we trust that, somehow, good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

"That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth, with vain desire,
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

"Behold! we know not any thing:
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last,—far off,—at last, to all,
And every Winter change to Spring."

Twenty years earlier, Mrs. Hemans, when on the brink of the angelic life, was blest with a gleam from within the celestial gates, and, in almost her last sonnet, faintly refracted it as follows:

"ON RECORDS OF IMMATURE GENIUS.

"O judge in thoughtful tenderness of those
Who, richly dowered for life, are called to die
Ere the soul's flame, through storms, hath won repose
In truth's divinest ether, still and high!
Let their minds' riches claim a trustful sigh;
Deem them but sad, sweet fragments of a strain,
First notes of some yet struggling harmony
By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain
Of many inspirations, met and held
From its true sphere. O, soon it might have swelled
Majestically forth! Nor doubt that He
Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve
Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve
Their grand, consummate hymn, from passion-gusts made free!"

If I pronounce timid and tentative these and many kindred utterances of modern poets, I mean only that the great truth, so obscurely hinted by one and so doubtingly asserted by the other, had long before been more firmly grasped and more boldly proclaimed by seers like Milton and Pope, and has in our age been affirmed and systematically elucidated by the calm, cogent reasoning of Ballou, the critical research of Balfour, the fervid eloquence of Chapin, and hundreds beside them, until it is no longer a feeble hope, a trembling aspiration, a pleasing hypothesis, but an assured and joyful conviction. In its clear daylight, the hideous Inquisition, and all kindred devices for torturing heretics under a libelous pretense of zeal for God, shrink and cower in shame and terror; the revolting Gallows hides itself from public view, preliminary to its utter and final disappearance; and Man, growing ashamed of all cruelty and revenge, deals humanely with the outcast, the pauper, the criminal, and the vanquished foe. The overthrow of a rebellion is no longer the signal for sweeping spoliation and massacre; the downfall of an ancient tyranny like that of Naples is followed by no butchery of its pertinacious upholders; and our earth begins to body forth and mirror—but so slowly, so faintly!—the merciful doctrines of the meek and loving Prince of Peace.

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* Gen. iii., 15: xii., 3. † Isa. xxv., 8: xlv., 23-25. ‡ Rom. v., 12-21: viii., 19-21. I. Cor. xv., 42-54. Ephs. i., 8-10. Colos. i., 19-21. I. Tim. ii., 3-6. § Matt. xv., 13. ‖ Gen. xlv., 5-8. ¶ Lam. iii., 33.

## THE OLD BOY.

Why "Old Boy?" Can any casuist give a plausible reason for the bestowal of this nickname on the arch-fiend? Moses introduces him as a snake; Milton, as a debauched-looking spirit—"an arch-angel ruined;" and most of the early Fathers depict him as a Protean monster, without a single engaging shape in his *repertoire* of transformations. In German legends, we meet with him, occasionally, disguised as a gentleman, but always with a sardonic glare in his eyes and a lividness of complexion incompatible with the idea of boyhood. Wherefore, then, "Old Boy?"

The title applies much more legitimately to an "ethereal intelligence" of a very different nature. The poetic Greeks embodied Love in the form of a fascinating little urchin, with a fillet over his eyes, and the pretty brat of paganism is such an apt embodiment of the sentiment that the imagination of Christendom has adopted him just as he has come down to us in shirtless innocence. Cupid is the oldest boy extant, and just as fresh to-day as he was thousands of years ago. Paphos, however, was not his birthplace, nor was he cradled in a rose. That's a "fish-story." He was born in Eden, at the very moment when Eve and Adam first looked into each other's eyes; and the tears of rapture which they shed on that happy occasion were the *elixir vitæ* in which he was baptized. From that day to this, his purple wings have never lost a feather, nor his cheeks a dimple. Six thousand years—be the same more or less—have left him still the Brightest Baby in the world. Glorious old boy! He laughs at "Time's effacing fingers," and shakes his curls defiantly in the face of Fate. The same old story that he told to Jacob and Boaz, and Rachel and Ruth, he tells to-day. And, wonder of wonders, it is never stale! Cynics insist that, babyish as he seems, the little fellow is not exempt from that vice of old age called covetousness; that, notwithstanding his apparent blindness, he has a keen eye for the main chance; and that, when Poverty comes in at the door, he makes way through the window. But that's a slander. There is indeed a vile little mercenary imposter, no more like him in principle than a pickpocket is like a priest, who assumes his name and trades on it, but Cupid himself has not a mean streak in his composition. He is the quintessence of all that is disinterested and unselfish,—an "old boy," pure and without reproach; and we protest against the title that of right belongs to him being bestowed upon his infernal antithesis.

## GOOD BREEDING.

I have never yet met with a definition of good breeding which seemed comprehensive. It certainly is not always the accompaniment of fine clothes, fine horses, or fine equipages, nor of a knowledge of the languages, or piano-forte. I have seen it, indeed, in the absence of all these things. A good digestion has much to do with it, and a kind, benevolent nature more. A man whose civility is at the mercy of his stomach, may as well be counted out, how great soever his educational attainments. A selfish person also, whose politeness is only lip-deep, is apt to treat us to it only in spasms. Some keep it bottled up for company, where they overflow with cunning flatteries and adroit compliments; while churlishness, silence, or brutal words, are the current coin at home. A man who calls himself well-bred is often guilty of words and acts in his own parlor which would insure his speedy ejection from any house but the one where he plays the small tyrant.

Some people, who would resent the imputation that they were ill-bred, do not hesitate to look over your shoulder while writing, or to take up a letter you have prepared, and to read the superscription upon it. If you are a writer, they will ask you point blank what remuneration you receive for your articles, or what copyright on your books; also, how much money you have made by both, and how much you expect to make; whether you meant *him*, or *her*, when you wrote this or that article; and—if so be that you are married—whether the amount you earn belongs to *you* or your husband, or is a joint concern. Persons who "*have seen Europe*"—and I hope that diploma is all-sufficient—have actually propounded these queries. Then, it is rather tough to be held accountable, as a contributor to the N. Y. *Ledger*, for the enormous sums its owner and proprietor sees fit to pay for horses that can no more be distanced than his subscription-list. But such is the fact; and that by so-called "well-bred people" who have the misfortune not to be "able to see through it," or to comprehend the impertinence of questioning a man's right to do what he will with his own, even though the envious caviller may himself go on foot all his days.

A "well-bred" lady—taking her at her own estimate—of whom I had no knowledge, save that she sat opposite me at a hotel table, addressed me thus: "Is that lady next you of *your* party?" I answered civilly in the affirmative, though not exactly understanding how the matter concerned the questioner. "Is she a relative?" I answered again, in the negative, getting a little nettled at this hindrance to my eggs and coffee. "Is she an American?" I replied, "She is not." "Is that young gentleman on your left hand a relative?" "He is not." "Where did he come from?" "Canada." "How long do you propose staying in this place?" I give this catechism verbatim. It is distanced only by the coolness of another "well-bred" lady in Broadway, who stepped up to me, and, taking a fold of my dress microscopically between her thumb and finger, remarked to her female companion, "Yes, it *is* silk," and went her way.

"Well-bred people," as the phrase goes, make small account of conversing in so loud a tone as to make your hearing impossible at lectures, concerts, operatic performances, and often in church. "Well-bred people" level eye-glasses at you across a narrow public table, and inform you of your name lest you might have forgotten it. "Well-bred people" take up a book you have laid down, and ask you, the first time you ever had the felicity of hearing their voices, "if those are *your* pencil marks in the margin, and whether they express *assent* or *dissent*.

Now, it is a question what *real* good-breeding is to do under circumstances like these. Of course one is capable of sending a Parthian arrow back; but it is small comfort when from the rhinocerous-hide of this nuisance it glances off wholly unfelt, and when even the laugh of the bystanders at the hit is an enigma that their stupidity couldn't compass short of a thousand years. True, one might remain perfectly silent under such inflictions, and thus run the risk of establishing a reputation for deafness.

I think there must be some annihilating powder for insects of this sort not yet advertised in the daily papers. Any one who will warrant "a sure cure or no pay expected," may apply to FANNY FERN.

## THE ALARMIST PRESS.

The liberty of the press is a glorious thing; but if the political journals of this country did not take quite so many liberties with truth for the purpose of promoting the interests of party, it would be much to the advantage of our credit abroad and our trade at home. English securities that pay only three per cent. interest are worth from 94 to 95 in London, while American bonds that pay 6 per cent. only command from 73 to 74 in the same market. The interest on both is paid in gold, and one investment is in reality as safe as the other. Consequently, United States bonds ought to be above par in every foreign market, and so they would be but for the "wolf" cry of "Revolution and Repudiation" continually raised by our sensational party newspapers. If ever bird fouled its own nest it is the American Eagle. There is no more reason to apprehend either revolution or repudiation as the result of our party bickerings, than there is to expect that the end of the world is at hand because the author of the "Great Tribulation" says so.

"MY FAITH."—The HON. HORACE GREELEY, it seems, is of a religious faith precisely the opposite of that in which we were brought up, and to which we have always adhered. Freedom in matters of conscience and religion is one of the most precious privileges which Americans enjoy. The Constitution of the United States provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise therof." Mr. GREELEY'S friend, Chief Justice CHASE, is a zealous Methodist. In his recent speech at Manchester, he said: "It was in a New Hampshire church that I experienced that spiritual awakening that leads me to look forward trustingly to the life eternal." We believe in Mr. GREELEY enjoying his religion—in Chief Justice CHASE enjoying his; and all other people enjoying theirs.

# NAPOLEON II.

### BY JAMES PARTON.

At eight o'clock on the morning of March the 20th, 1811, the discharge of cannon announced to the people of Paris that an heir was born to the emperor Napoleon. The emperor was then at the summit of his power and glory, and nothing seemed wanting to his happiness but an heir to the throne. His conduct on this occasion, so important to his ambition, does honor to his character as a man. When the surgeon came to him, after many anxious hours passed by the bedside of the empress, and said that he feared not to be able to save both lives, but that either the mother or the child must be sacrificed, the emperor said:

"Think only of the mother, and treat her as you would a tradesman's wife of St. Denis street."

The child was born at length, and the mother was also saved. Napoleon himself announced the tidings to the crowd of courtiers in the palace, exclaiming, with joy and triumph in his countenance:

"It is a king of Rome!"

Most of the powers of Europe sent congratulations to him. Paris presented to the new king a cradle of crimson enamel, in the form of a boat, surrounded with allegorical figures, and covered with the richest ornaments.

Three years and nine days had elapsed. The disastrous campaign of Russia, and the invasion of France by the Allies, had completed the ruin of the emperor, and word was brought to his wife that the enemy was approaching Paris. She left the capital with her infant son never to enter it again; and never again did Napoleon see his wife or child. At Blois, where she remained some time, the news reached her that Napoleon had abdicated, and was thenceforth to content himself with the sovereignty of Elba. A few days after she proceeded to Vienna, the capital of her ancestors. She was allowed to retain the title of empress, and three Italian duchies were assigned to her for her future possession and maintenance.

On Napoleon's return from Elba, he at once demanded his wife and son from the Emperor of Austria; but his letters were not answered, and, soon, his defeat at Waterloo, and his surrender into the hands of the English, separated the family forever. There were some attempts to claim the vacant throne of France for Napoleon's son; but the allied sovereigns decided to restore the family of Bourbon, and gave the throne to Louis XVIII. Maria Louise entered into the possession of the States assigned her, and left her son at Vienna under the care of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria. It was fortunate for the young prince that his mother had not the direction of his education. Her conduct after her separation from her husband was far from exemplary.

"I have had to do in my life," said he, at St. Helena, "with two women very different in character—Josephine, all art and grace; Maria Louise, all innocence and simple nature."

There was long a belief current in Europe that the son of Napoleon was ill-used at the Austrian court to such an extent as to cause his premature death. Nothing could be further from the truth. The emperor, Francis I., an amiable old man, became extravagantly fond of him, and besides adopting him as an Austrian prince, with the title of Duke de Reichstadt, he gave him the best education possible in the circumstances. A touching conversation is related between the emperor and the prince. One day, while the boy was seated upon his grandfather's lap, he asked him:

"Grandfather, is it not true that when I lived at Paris I had pages?"

"Yes," replied the emperor, "I believe you had pages."

"Is it not true, also," said the boy, "that they called me the King of Rome?"

"Yes," said the emperor.

"But, grandfather, what is it, then, to be King of Rome?"

"My child," said the puzzled monarch, "when you are older it will be easier for me to explain what you ask; but, for the present, I shall only say, that to my title of Emperor of Austria I join that of King of Jerusalem, without exercising any authority in that city. Very well; you were King of Rome just as I am King of Jerusalem."

The prince was educated by private tutors in the course prescribed by the University of Vienna. He was a boy of excellent understanding, fond of his studies and exceedingly diligent. Until he was fifteen years of age, he was allowed to learn nothing of the exploits of his father; but, at that period, the system was changed and he was allowed to read freely all the important works relating to the French Revolution and the career of Napoleon. These works he read with passionate interest, and conversed upon the events related in them with all the ardor which we should imagine natural to him.

Once he had the pleasure of a visit from Marshall Marmont, who had fought so often at Napoleon's side. Every day for three months, from eleven o'clock until two, the Marshall was allowed to converse with the prince, whose eyes, it is said, beamed with intelligence as the old soldier related the emperor's wonderful deeds.

When the revolution of 1830 broke out, serious endeavors were made to induce the Austrian government to permit the Duke de Reichstadt to show himself in France and mount the Imperial throne. Talleyrand went on a secret mission to Vienna to bring about this result, but he was given to understand, in language that admitted of no mistake, that Austria would never allow a son of Napoleon to reign in France.

According to the usage of the Imperial family of Austria, the prince was trained to arms. At seventeen he was a captain of infantry; at nineteen, he was major; and at twenty, a lieutenant colonel, with the command of a battallion. He was fond to excess of military exercises, and indulged the dream of one day distinguishing himself as a military commander.

In his twentieth year, his health began to fail. His throat became sore if he caught cold, and he was subject to a short, dry cough, which led at length to blood spitting. His physicians strongly and repeatedly advised him to refrain from exercising his regiment in damp and rainy weather; but, such was his passion for the military art, that it required a formal order of the emperor to induce him to follow their advice. Two months of entire repose appeared to restore him, and he begged his grandfather to allow him to resume the command of his battallion. In a moment of fondness, the emperor consented. During the rainy season of the spring, he was always present on the parade-ground, and soon his cough returned, and all his old symptoms reappeared. Like his father, he held doctors in horror, and he was deaf to all their warnings.

After an evening ride, in an open carriage, he had a violent discharge of blood from the lungs, which prostrated his strength. He was taken home and, in a few days, rallied a little from this extreme prostration, and it was proposed to send him to Italy. But it was too late. He grew rapidly worse, and died on the 22d of July, 1832, aged twenty-one years, four months and two days. The room in which he breathed his last was the one in which his father had dictated a peace to Austria after a triumphant campaign. A post mortem examination showed that his lungs, originally weak, were diseased to such an extent, that nothing could have prolonged his life. He was doomed from his birth to die of consumption soon after attaining manhood. He was buried in all respects as an Austrian prince. A magnificent funeral cortege accompanied his body to the tomb of the Imperial family; and, according to the barbarous custom of the country, his heart was deposited in one church, and his entrails in another.

If he had lived and had inherited but a tithe of his father's genius and energy, it is extremely probable that he would have reigned over France. The mere fact of his existence would have been a continual incitement to revolution. If a nephew of Napoleon's was so warmly welcomed by the ignorant two-thirds of the French people, what a spell would the son of the emperor have conjured up? Once across the frontiers, he must have been borne in triumph to the Tuileries.

## PIETY AND PARADE.

The ministers and elders of the Society of Friends, in their meetings for Worship and Discipline, faithfully take up their testimony against the vanities of dress, and although "young women Friends" *will* occasionally indulge in modish bonnets and robes of forbidden hues, still, upon the whole, Quakeresses dress more simply and becomingly than any other ladies in Christendom. They never go to meeting all aflaunt with ribbons and laces, and gorgeous silks, and artificial flowers, and parti-colored plumes, to make the House of God a raree-show. They do not compete in the tabernacle for the palm of sumptuary extravagance, as our women of fashion do, nor could they engage in such Sabbath rivalry without receiving many a stern and sharp rebuke from the close-bonnetted and broad-brimmed Friends who face them in the Seats of the Elders. The preachers of other denominations but rarely make an onslaught on the gauds and frippery of fashion, and when they do so, small heed is paid to their remarks—except, perhaps, to resent them as impertinent. They never think of launching out against personal pomp as Isaiah did against the wimples, the tires and the tinkling ornaments of the maidens and dowagers of Jerusalem, or as Chaplain Whiston denounced the dashing toilette of Queen Anne, or as John Knox thundered against the "latest French styles" of Mary Stuart. There is a story told of Whiston, by the way, which is apropos of the subject in hand. One day that bold divine was reading prayers in Queen Anne's ante-room, while his sovereign but not particularly sober lady was robing herself in the apartment adjoining—the door between the rooms being left open, that her spirit might be comforted while the process of personal decoration was going on. Something in the chaplain's prayer happening to displease her, she ordered one of her women to close the door, upon which he stopped praying. The Queen angrily demanded why he did not proceed. "Because," said Whiston, "I do not choose to whistle the Word of God through the key-hole." The fashionable world of to-day is just as ready as Queen Anne was to close the door against any doctrine that conflicts with its passion for show. If piety and parade can be dove-tailed together, well and good; if not—parade before piety, and let Scripture be whistled through the key-hole.

### "Good Things in Cheap Literature."

In an editorial published one day last week, in the *Evening Gazette*, on "Good Things in Cheap Literature," the editors refer to some of the authors who write for the New York *Ledger*. Now, in one sense the *Ledger* may properly be included under the title, Cheap Literature: it is cheap, that is it is sold at a low price, to the reader; but if the editors of the *Gazette* had our bills to contributors to pay, they would no more think the *Ledger* a cheap paper to us than they would think *Dexter* a cheap horse if they had to draw the check to pay for him.

We believe there has never been any other publisher who has paid as high prices, "cash on the nail," for original articles as we pay. Our plan is to have a variety—suited to different tastes—but everything of the very best quality of its kind. What would the reader think of a hotel, pretending to be the best of the first-class, for public accommodation, with only one dish on the bill of fare?

The *Gazette* says, very justly: "There is much in Sylvanus Cobb's writings to admire." Mr. Cobb and Mrs. Southworth have done an infinite good in implanting a love of reading in millions of minds where it did not before exist. "Read," said Mr. Carlyle, "read, form a taste for reading, and the rest will take care of itself; you will soon learn what to read."

We are aware that Mr. Cobb has been found fault with by a few persons who call themselves critics, but who are in reality envious of his success and his bank account. It is a great mistake to suppose that the great masses admire depraved morals. If the stories that we have published in the *Ledger* had not been of an unexceptionable moral tone, we would not to-day have a circulation larger by far than that of any three other papers (either daily or weekly, or both) ever published in the United States. So true is it that the great public sentiment of the country demands that its reading matter shall have a moral tendency, that you will find even at the theatre that the enunciation of a lofty sentiment, of unselfish devotion, of chivalrous, patriotic feeling, almost invariably elicits hearty applause. Some people may like the writings of Bancroft, Greeley, Everett, Dickens, Beecher, Cozzens, the Presidents of the twelve Colleges, and others who have contributed to the *Ledger*, better than those of Mr. Cobb or Mrs. Southworth; but because some students happen to want to consult a Classical Dictionary, would they urge that there shall be no spelling-books in school?

We pride ourself on two things, to wit.: in demonstrating that a paper of high moral tone will be the most successful, and that a private gentleman can drive and own the best horses in the country without making a gambler of himself.

It is only owing to our immense circulation that we can afford to sell the *Ledger* so cheap; but as long as we print from three hundred and thirty to three hundred and fifty thousand, it does not require a large profit on each copy to yield us a sufficient income.

[From the (London) Cosmopolitan, Aug. 24, 1867.]

AN EDITOR'S RECOLLECTIONS.—The last number of Bonner's *New York Ledger*, which we are happy to find regularly among our American "Exchanges," brings us the first installment of Horace Greeley's autobiography. We have read it, and shall continue to read it with very great interest. We have known Mr. Greeley long and well, and although differing from him widely on many political and social questions, yet we highly esteem him as a thoroughly honest and well-meaning man. * * * His heart is always in the right place, and America has no truer philanthropist *au fond du cœur* than our old political and editorial antagonist, Horace Greeley. * * * Mr. Greeley calls his work, "Recollections of a Busy Life," and the name is by no means an arbitrary one. Few men have been more industrious with the pen than the founder and the responsible editor of the *New York Tribune*, decidedly the most influential political journal in the United States. In the far West, the *Weekly Tribune* and the Bible may be found in every little log-house; they constitute the libraries and are the sole Sunday reading of the pioneers of civilization in those distant regions. There are two reasons for this. Mr. Greeley has always taken a deep interest in agriculture, and knows how to sympathize with poor men struggling for existence on the confines of the wilderness; but greater than this is the faith the common people have in the honesty of his philanthropy—his warm-hearted friendship for the masses. They believe in him with something of that *abandon* with which the early followers of Christianity believed in the Teacher of the "new dispensation"—the new era of brotherly love. This is the secret of Mr. Greeley's strength and influence; this has made him one of the idols of the people. His "Recollections" will be the most popular, the most widely read work that has yet appeared in the United States.

—Artemus Ward when he died left behind him a collection of queer stories and funny screeds. Frank Bellew, the well-known artist, who occasionally draws funny pictures for the *London Punch* and *Harpers' Weekly*, has secured these papers and will publish them in his comic monthly, "*The Phunniest of Phun.*" The first of them will appear in the October number.

## PAST AND PRESENT.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Ah, well I remember the buttonwood trees
That stood in front of the door,
The buttonwood trees with their broad, green leaves,
And the house that stands no more.
And well I remember the quiet street,
And my heart oft throbs with pain
For the old, familiar sound of feet,
That I never shall hear again.

Ah, well I remember, tho' years have flown,
The hopes that filled my breast,
Boyish hopes that with manhood's prime
Are forever laid at rest;
And well I remember the golden dreams
That those years of boyhood brought,
Golden dreams which, alas! it seems
Have come at length to naught.

Ah, well I remember the snowy bed,
And the chamber where I slept,
No fairer pictures since life began
Has my memory fondly kept—
No fairer pictures than these, I ween,
Of my boyhood's happy time,
When life seemed like to a painted scene,
And its lessons writ in rhyme.

I remember the parlor, cosy and warm,
And the friends who gathered there:—
Father and mother and sister dear,
So gentle and so fair;
And oftentimes of a winter night,
When the winds sound chill and drear,
As I sit and gaze in the fire's warm light,
Their faces will appear.

And another than theirs will often shine
In the firelight's ruddy glow,
The face of a child with flaxen hair,
And a brow as white as snow;
And tho' often since in my later prime
Has my fancy gone astray,
Around this love of my boyhood's time
A halo seems to play.

I love to think of her sweet child's face,
And her winning, artless ways,
Of our childish bliss and each guileless kiss
In those happy golden days;
I love to think of the plans we laid
When she should be my wife;
Of the innocent vows our young lips made
To bind us fast in life.

But time has worked changes with each new year;
And Death has closed the door
On many a face that was dear to me
In the days that are gone before.
And the face of the child with the flaxen hair,
And the brow as pure as snow,
I can only see in the empty air
And the firelight's ruddy glow.

So seated here by the hearth alone,
While the clock ticks soft and low,
My thoughts like a current backward turn
To the days of long ago;
And Past and Present like answering bells,
That one through a mist oft hears,
Call to each other with voices sweet
Thro' the intervening years.

* * *

# WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER LXXXII.—CONTINUED.

To Alick there seemed something awful in Everage's tremendous emotion. He had been a very handsome, fine looking man, with that natural air of majesty and grace which not even the bitterness of poverty and servitude could take from him; but now he was all broken down.

Deep compassion moved the heart of Alick as he gazed on him.

"What is the matter, Everage?" he softly inquired.

"Coals of fire! Coals of fire!" answered the conscience-stricken man. And covering his bowed face with his hands, he 'wept bitterly,' as repentant Peter wept.

Alexander looked on with awe for an instant, and then turned away his head; he could not bear to see such abject grief.

At length, with an effort, Everage gained a mastery over his passion and raised his head, and with the look of anguish still upon his face, and in a voice still vibrating with intense emotion, he said:

"You ask me what is the matter? Remorse is killing me! Remorse! and now your kindness!"

"'Remorse,' Everage?" exclaimed Alexander, in consternation.

"Yes, remorse! I am a criminal of the darkest dye! I am not worthy to live!"

"A criminal!—You!"

"Yes, I!—a God forsaken criminal."

"God never forsakes the greatest criminal, being penitent. But you, Everage! I can not understand! I can not believe you to be criminal," answered Alexander, unable to recover from his consternation, and mentally running over the sins most likely to be committed by a poor gentleman under the influence of overpowering temptation. Was it embezzlement? swindling? No, he could have had no opportunity of dabbling in either of these. Was it forgery? Yes, it was most likely forgery. The poor usher had probably, under the pressure of terrible want, forged his employer's name to a check, or a note, or something of the sort, and was now dying of remorse and shame, and perhaps also of terror. And Alick resolved to help him, if help were possible.

"Everage," he asked, kindly, "do you wish to confide in me?"

"I wish to CONFESS to you, since the offence was committed against you," groaned the heart-broken man.

"Against *me!*" exclaimed Alexander, in a surprise that was not without pleasure; for he instantly thought—"Oh, if he has only forged *my* name to a cheque, or a note, or any thing of the sort, it will be perfectly easy to save him. It will only be for me to take up the paper without saying anything about it; or, at worst, to acknowledge the signature." Then, speaking softly, he said:

"Tell me everything, Everage, freely as one sinner speaking to another; for I, too, have sinned too deeply to have any sort of right to judge harshly. Speak freely, Everage."

Still for a moment the poor gentleman remained silent. He knew that, after having told all, his bosom would feel somewhat relieved; yet he could scarcely bring himself to utter his own shame.

"I will tell you everything. And the more willingly because reparation is still in my power."

"But, Everage, if such reparation should in any way distress you, it need not be made. Nay, if the confession itself will distress you, withhold it, my friend. If, as you say, the offence is against *me*, you need not tell it; and believe me neither you nor any one else shall ever hear of it," said Alick, kindly.

"Every gentle, generous word you speak stabs my heart like a reproach. I *must* tell you all. It will shame me, but it will relieve me to do so. Reparation must be made; and it will not distress but comfort me to make it; nay, it will almost do away my guilt. It is a measure that I had already resolved upon. I was only waiting for my poor wife to get over her impending *accouchment* before carrying it into effect; for, in my poor Belle's present critical condition, the excitement of a criminal trial would surely kill her. And thus my little girls would be bereft of both parents."

"Everage, you talk wildly! If the offence is against me, it is already condoned. You may reveal it or not as you please. For myself, I do not see the need of your doing so."

"That is because you do not know the nature of my crime!—Lord Kilcrichtoun, it was I who caused your child to be abducted!—There! kill me where I stand if you like! No one will think of blaming you," said Everage, in a broken voice, as he tottered to his feet and stood before little Lenny's father.

But Alexander gazed at him in amazement and incredulity for a full minute before he found ideas or words to reply. Then he exclaimed:

"Everage, you are mad to think so! What motive could you possibly have had for getting possession of my child? You who have so many of your own? I say you are mad to think it."

"No," said Everage, dropping back in his chair and covering his face. "No, not mad *now;* but I was mad then, when I caused the child to be carried off! I was mad, blind, and Heaven-forsaken!"

"Not Heaven-forsaken, Everage, or you would not have been brought to this confession. But is this really true? You caused the child to be carried off? You said that reparation was still in your power!—*that* means the child still lives! Where is he? Is he in London? Is he in our reach? Is he well?" inquired Alexander, scarcely able to control the violence of his emotions—his strangely mingled and warring emotions—of astonishment, indignation, ecstasy and impatience.

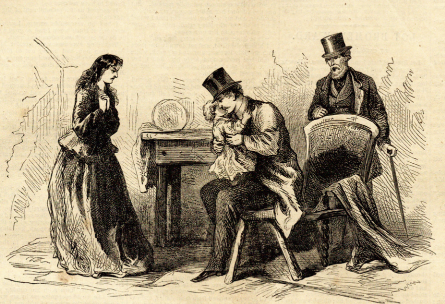
"Yes, to all your questions," answered Everage, dropping his face into his hands.

"But, good Heaven, what *possible* motive *could* you have had for carrying off my child? You *must* have been mad!"

"I was! I was, my lord! mad and blind and God-forsaken! I was tempted beyond——"

"Stop, Everage! don't tell me just now. I must see my boy immediately. Can you take me to him now?"

"Yes," answered the poor gentleman, in an almost inaudible voice.



THE LOST CHILD RECOVERED.

"How far is it?" asked Alexander, with his hand upon the bell.

"About two miles from here," breathed Everage.

"Then we must have a carriage," observed Alexander, ringing the bell.

"A cab, immediately!" he said, as the waiter appeared.

"And now, Everage," he continued, when they were left alone together again, "now tell me, what could possibly have caused you to have my child carried off? Do you know his loss has nearly broken his mother's heart?"

"Do I *not* know it? Have I not felt it? felt it day and night since the devil deluded me into doing this deed? Lord Kilcrichtoun, look at me! See the wreck remorse has made of me! No sooner had I done this deed than remorse, like a consuming fire, than which the fires of Hell can not be fiercer, entered my heart and burned my life away to this."

"Burned your guilt away, Everage, but not your life."

"This agony of remorse I would not have borne for a week, but for my wife's critical condition."

"But she must have been very much distressed by the change in you."

"She was; but she ascribed it all to overwork in the school. And I soothed her by saying that after her confinement I should leave the school. I did not tell her, *for the Old Bailey.*"

"Hush, Everage, there will be nothing of that sort. But you have not yet told me what it was that tempted you thus to load your conscience."

"I will tell you all—I will keep nothing back; and then you can do as you please."

But, before he could say another word, the waiter opened the door, and announced the cab that had been ordered.

Alexander and Everage left the house, Everage tottering with weakness and scarcely able to walk without the support of Alexander's arm, which was readily given him.

Everage gave the order.

"Blank street, Blackfriar's Road."

And then, with the help of Alexander, entered the cab.

When they were both seated and the vehicle was in motion, Everage commenced the story of little Lenny's abduction, and the causes that led to the act.

With a shame-bowed head, in a broken and almost inaudible voice, he spoke of the bitterness of his poverty and his servitude; of the love, which was agony, for his beautiful, pale-faced wife, and lovely, fading little girls; of the jealousy with which he saw the Kilcrichtoun estate, that might have been his own, and the salvation of his famishing family, pass away to a foreigner, so wealthy that he cared nothing for the half-sterile Highland acres; of his belief that the present baron's life was so precarious that in a very short time no one but little Lenny would stand between himself and the inheritance of Kilcrichtoun; and of the intensity of the temptation that finally maddened and conquered him, and drew him on to crime; and finally, again he spoke of the fierce remorse that like the fires of Tophet devoured his life.

"And now," he concluded, "do with me what you will! I have nothing to say in my defence, nothing whatever! You can prosecute me for the abduction. You can send me to penal servitude for heaven knows how many years! It will be just! I only entreat you, in any case, not to let my innocent family starve!"

"My poor Everage! I could not look in your face and see the wreck remorse has made of you, and raise my hand or voice against you! 'Penal servitude!' Your whole life has been penal servitude! Besides, besides, in my more favored position, without any of the temptations that beset you, I myself have been too great a sinner to dare to be a harsh judge! In your position, Everage, heaven knows, I might have been tempted to do the same things!" said Alexander, gravely.

"But I never meant to harm the child. I would have taken the best care of him I could."

"I believe you, Everage. And let me find the child alive and well, and let me have the happiness of laying him upon his mother's lap; and then let the whole matter pass into forgetfulness. It shall not in any way interfere with my plans for your welfare."

"God bless you, sir!" wept the poor gentleman; "God, in his great mercy, bless you!"

"Blank street, sir," said the cabman, pulling up his horses and waiting further orders.

"Turn into it and drive on until you reach Bushe Lane. It is on the left hand," answered Everage.

The cabman turned his horses' heads and drove down the street for some distance and then pulled up again.

"Bushe's Lane, sir."

"Turn into it and go on until you reach Blood Alley. It is also on the left side," said Everage.

The cabman turned into the dark, unwholesome lane and drove on for a short distance and then reined up his horses again.

"Blood Alley, sir," he said.

"We must get out here, the alley is too narrow to admit the passage of the carriage," said Everage, opening the door.

And both men stepped down at the entrance of the foul alley, dark, loathsome and offensive to every material sense and moral sentiment.

"Wait here until we return," said Everage to the cabman.

The man touched his hat in assent as he thought to himself:

"Them two coves be two detectives on the scent of thieves."

Everage led the way and Alexander followed him, picking his steps as well as he could through the fermenting filth of the alley, and shuddering to think his child exposed to such deadly air.

About midway down the alley Everage paused before a tall, tottering tenement house, occupied by the lowest caste of thieves and beggars.

"Here is the place," he said, opening the door and entering the passage-way, without either obstruction or even observation; for at this hour the tenants were out upon their tramps.

Everage led the way up several flights of quaking stairs to the attic floor, which certainly, from its height, had the advantage of a purer air.

Everage opened a door immediately in front of the landing and signed Alexander to enter.

Alick passed the threshold and found himself in a room with a sloping roof and a skylight.

The room was cleaner than when we saw it last, for Meg had been supplied with soap, and had kept it so for little Lenny's sake; but it was almost as bare of furniture as before.

There were but two persons present—a wild looking, dark-haired, bare-footed girl, walking the floor; and a child in her arms—a pale, wan baby-boy, with his fair-haired head dropped heavily upon her shoulder, his violet eyes closed, and his long fringed eyelids lying down upon his dead white cheeks. His little clothes were old and faded and patched, but as clean as hands could make them.

As the two men entered the room the girl looked up, pointed to the sleeping child and signed them to be quiet.

It was too late. Poor little Lenny had become a nervous and irritable sleeper. The slightest noise would awaken him. And now the sound of approaching footsteps startled him from his sleep, and he awoke with a shiver. His first words were:

"Doosa tome, Met?"

Then looking up and seeing only two men, he dropped his head upon Meg's shoulder and wailed forth his disappointment:

"Doosa not tome! Doosa not tome! Lenny want see Doosa! Lenny want see Doosa so bad!"

"And you shall see Doosa, my darling boy! You shall see Doosa before the sun goes down. You shall sleep on your mother's bosom to-night, little Lenny!" exclaimed Alexander, in great agitation, as he went to the child and held out his arms.

But Lenny turned away and clasped his own arms around Meg's neck and renewed his plaintive cry:

"I want see Doosa! I want see Doosa so bad! I don't want anybody esse!"

"And so you shall see Doosa, my beloved boy! Look at me, little Lenny! don't you know me?" coaxed Alexander.

"Ess, I do! But I want see Doosa!"

"Look at me, my darling! Come to me! I will take you to Doosa directly!" pleaded Alexander, holding out his arms and gazing earnestly in the face of his son.

Now little Lenny had been daily deceived by fair but false promises, and his faith was failing. But there was an earnest truthfulness in the looks and words of the man that now carried conviction to the heart of the child. His face lightened, beamed, became transfigured with ecstasy:

"You tate me see Doosa? You tate me now?" he joyously exclaimed.

"Yes, my darling, now this moment! Come to me," said Alexander, still holding out his arms.

Lenny bounded into them.

"Oh, sir! you will not take him from me! It would break my heart! he is all I have to love in the world! all that loves me! I would work my fingers to the bones, I would, for him! Please, sir, don't take him away!" cried Meg, lifting the corner of her apron to her eyes.

"I must take him to his mother, my girl. She too is pining for him," said Alexander, kindly.

"Oh, Lenny, you won't leave me! You won't leave poor Met?" she wept, appealing to the child.

"No! no! no!" said Master Leonard, peremptorily. "*Not* leave Met! Met go too! Met go too! Met go too!"

"But, my darling, Met can't go!"

"I will, I will, I will! Lenny love Met! Lenny not leave Met. Met go too!"

"But Met cannot go," remonstrated the father.

"Oh, yes, sir, I can," sobbed Meg. "If you will take him, I can go, if you will let me; and I will be a faithful servant to him all my life, and never want any wage."

"Met go too! Met go too!" sang out little Lenny. It was the chorus of the song.

"But, my girl, how can you go? I would willingly reward you for the care you must have bestowed upon my child, who, but for you, might have perished in this horrible place, but how can I take you away? you have parents or guardians who must be consulted."

Meg left off crying, and laughed aloud:

"No, sir; little ladies and gentlemen have them things, not the likes of us! The people I live with aint no kin to me, though I do call the men uncle, and the woman grannam; I am only their drudge, sir; I am free to go with the child, if you will let me."

"Met go too! Met go too!" cried the little despot, beginning now to scream and kick with impatience.

He had not been used to have his will crossed. He had been accustomed to prompt obedience from his white slaves.

"I see that you are 'a chip of the old block,'" smiled Alexander.

"Met go too! Met go too!" screamed the young tyrant, making his feet fly with such velocity that they looked like a drove of feet.

Meanwhile, Meg, with her apron to her eyes, was sobbing violently. A scene was certainly impending.

"I think, sir, if I were you I would take the girl along. I think well of her. I believe her account of herself to be true. And I believe it would be a good work to take her from this haunt of sin and misery—alas! I beg your pardon, I had forgotten myself, I have no right to preach," said the poor penitent, bowing his head.

"I will take her at your word, Everage; but, good Heaven, look down at her feet!"

"Well, they are not cloven!" said the poor gentleman, with a sad attempt at a pleasantry. "Give her a sovereign, sir, and let her run out and fit herself with a bonnet, and shawl, and a pair of shoes and stockings. I'll warrant she'll do it all in twenty minutes."

"I'll do it in less time, sir; indeed I will, if you'll only let me go with little Lenny!"

"Very well; be quick," said Alexander, handing over a sovereign.

"Oh, please, sir, give it to me in smaller change. If the shopkeepers was to see the likes of me with a whole suvring, at a time, they would stop it, and send for the police," said Meg.

"That is quite likely," thought Alick, as he replaced the offered coin in his purse, and then gave her a half sovereign in gold, and a half in silver change.

Meg was as quick as her word. She hurried out, and, in fifteen minutes, hurried in, equipped for her ride. It was in less time than they supposed she could have effected her purchases.

Then she took Lenny in her arms, and prepared to follow the two gentlemen.

The whole party went down Blood alley towards its outlet upon Bushe lane.

Little Lenny laughed and patted Meg's cheeks, and prattled all the way.

"Going to see Doosa, Met! Met going to see Doosa too! Lenny love Met! Lenny not leave Met! Met going to see Doosa too!"

When they reached Bushe lane, where the cab was waiting, the astute cabman, looking around upon the party, said to himself:

"There—I knew it! They've caught one on 'em; and what a young sinner to be the mother of a child that big!"

Everage put Meg and Lenny into the cab, and then followed with Alexander.

Lenny was still full of joyous babble.

"Wide in cawidge, Met! Met wide in cawidge too!" he kept saying, as he patted her cheeks and kissed her.

"They should never be separated," murmured the poor gentleman, timidly, as if speaking to himself.

"They shall not be, if I can help it," replied Alexander, who had read with approval the letter of recommendation contained in Meg's face.

They drove rapidly up Bushe lane, through Blank street, and up Blackfriar's road. But little conversation was carried on until they reached the Strand.

When drawing near to Wellington street, where Everage lived, he said:

"But you will not take the child to his mother this afternoon?"

"Certainly," replied Alexander.

"What—now, immediately?"

"Yes."

"Will not the shock be too great?"

"No; I have heard that she is almost morbid on the subject, and is constantly looking for the child, and expecting to find him, or to have him brought home to her. I also had a sort of conviction that I should have the happiness of finding him and carrying him as a peace-offering to his mother. It was a very remarkable presentiment, I think."

"Presentiments, when believed in, often fulfil themselves," said Everage.

"However that may be, I so firmly believed that I should find the child, that I instructed her mother's friends to encourage her hopes and keep up her expectations of seeing him, so that when I should bring him to her, she should not sustain a fatal shock of joy."

By this time they had reached Wellington street, and at the request of Everage the cab was drawn up.

The poor gentleman got out.

"Give me your hand, Everage," said Alexander; and holding it, he added, "I shall see you very soon, and remember, you are to have that Highland property."

Everage pressed the hand of his magnanimous friend with a look more eloquent than words, and then turned and walked rapidly up Wellington street.

"Drive on," said Alexander.

"Where now, sir?" inquired the cabman, touching his hat.

"Morley House, Trafalgar Square."

In a very few minutes the cab drove up to the hotel and stopped.

One of the servants of the house, seeing Lord Kilcrichtoun's face at the window, came out to him.

"Do you know if Mr. Hammond is in the house just now?" inquired Alexander.

"Yes, sir; he is in the reading room."

"Take in my card and ask him if he will do me the favor to come out."

The waiter vanished, and Dick soon made his appearance at the cab door.

"Oh Dick! I have found him!" exclaimed Alick, pointing to the child.

"Little Lenny! Thank God!" cried Dick, jerking open the door, jumping into the cab, and seizing little Lenny and seating himself

"Oh Dit! Dit! Lenny tome home see Doosae Met tome too! Lenny wide in tab! Met wid! too! Lenny not leave Met! Lenny love Met!"

And so the child prattled on, patting Dick's cheeks, and pulling his whiskers, and kissing him.

"Oh I am so glad! Where did you find him, Alick? How was it? Tell me all about it!"

"Too long a story, Dick. I must take him to his mother. Can I do so with safety?"

"I think so. I have constantly encouraged her hopes of finding the child; and yet perhaps it would be well to be cautious. I will just step up and prepare her a little. I will tell her that we have better hopes than ever of finding her child; and that we have heard from him, and know where he is; and that he is now on his way to her, and so forth. But I will not tell her that *you* are bringing him. I will leave that delight to yourself."

"Thank you, Dick. Make haste, and don't be gone a moment longer than necessary."

"I will come back as soon as possible," said Dick as he disappeared.

"See Doosa! see Doosa!" exclaimed little Lenny impatiently.

"Yes, my boy, you shall see Doosa. Dick has gone to look for Doosa and tell her," said Alexander.

"Dit done look for Doosa?"

"Yes, my darling."

So Lenny prattled on.

Dick was gone rather longer than was expected, but at length he returned.

"You can go to her now. I have led her to expect that a gentleman from Jersey has found the child, and is on his way home with him, and that he may arrive by any train now. The news has made her very happy, as you may judge. And now you may go up to her. She is alone in her chamber."

"Thanks, Dick! many thanks for your kindness. Come Meg," said Alick, stepping out upon the side walk.

Meg followed with little Lenny in her arms.

"You must come and show me her room, Dick," said Alick.

"Certainly," replied Hammond.

The whole party entered the house and passed up stairs.

When they arrived at the door of Drusilla's chamber, Alick took little Lenny in his arms and said:

"I must enter alone. Dick, be so good as to take this girl to your wife and tell her that she is to be an under nurse-maid or something of the sort. After I have seen Drusilla we will attend to the girl's case."

"Very well, Alick. Heaven speed you!" said Dick, beckoning to Meg, who followed him meekly, and moving towards Anna's room.

"Where Met gone? where Met gone?" impatiently demanded Lenny.

"Met has gone to see Anna," answered Alexander.

"Met tome back soon?"

"Yes, she will come back soon."

"Met go see Doosa too?"

"Yes, Met go see Doosa too. Now, Lenny, be a good, *quiet* boy. We are going to see Doosa."

"Lenny be good boy den."

"And mind, you must be very, very still. You must not jump and kick and scream; if you do you will hurt Doosa," said Alexander, looking very gravely into the child's face.

"Lenny be good boy! Lenny not hurt Doosa," answered the child, with owlet-like solemnity.

Still Alick paused at the door. How many minutes he paused before he could sufficiently compose himself for the joyous trial before him. But then he had not yet recovered from the effects of his wound.

At length, with a prayer in his heart, he opened the door so softly as not to disturb the inmate of the room.

She was sitting at the window, with her elbow resting on its sill, and her head bowed upon her hand. How worn and wan she looked! Her face was scarcely less white than the snowy robe she wore. Her face was turned partly towards the window, and had an anxious, listening look, as if constantly watching for the coming of some beloved and long-expected one.

As soon as little Lenny saw his mother, he forgot all his promises, and sang out with all the strength of his baby lungs:

"Doosa! Doosa! See Lenny tome home!"

She turned her head quickly, screamed, and started up to meet him; but, overwhelmed with emotion, sank back again into her chair and gasped for breath.

"Hush, hush, my boy; see you have hurt Doosa; be very good now!" whispered Alexander, in a tone that awed the child into silence.

Then he crossed the room, knelt at her feet, and said:

"My wife, I have no word to say for myself. Let our child plead for me."

And he laid little Lenny on her lap.

No, there was no scene that could be fully reported here.

Husband and child, both restored to her in an instant! It is a wonder she had not died then and there! But she did not even faint. Heaven, that had sustained her through such long-drawn-out, unutterable sorrows, gave her strength now to meet the sudden shock of joy.

She gently put little Lenny aside for a moment, where the child, still awed into silence, stood quietly.

She stooped and fell upon her Alick's neck and clasped him to her; she wept over him in ecstasy; she kissed him again and again, sobbing words of the fondest endearment—sacred words not to be written here.

Lenny looked on in wonder and awe for some time; but at last his impatience overcame every other emotion, and he sang out:

"Me, too! Me, too! Me, too! 'Top it, Doosa! Tate Lenny up!"

Alick, with a face radiant with joy, once more snatched up the child, and kissed him rapturously, and put him in his mother's arms, saying:

"Tell him who I am, darling wife! Tell him who I am!"

"Does he not know?" inquired Drusilla, who was covering her child with caresses.

"No. I never felt that I had any right to tell him."

"Lenny, love, do you know who that gentleman is?" she asked, looking fondly at the child and then at the father.

"Ess I do! he bring Lenny home to Doosa," answered the boy.

"Look at him, Lenny. He is your papa."

"Lenny, popper?" inquired the baby, looking with great eyes at the stranger, who had now taken on a new interest for him.

"Yes," softly answered his mother.

"Lenny dot popper *too* ?"

At this innocent question, in which so much was expressed, Alexander, again conscience-stricken, turned away his head to hide the tears that rushed to his eyes.

But for all reply, Drusilla stooped and kissed her child and handed him back to his father.

The reconciliation was perfect.

Later, they went into the drawing-room, to which Dick brought Anna and General Lyon; all of whom, amid tears and caresses, offered their earnest congratulations to the re-united pair; and rejoiced with an exceeding great joy over the restoration of little Lenny.

But all this was as nothing to the frantic delight of Pina when she heard little Lenny had been found. She ran to him, she snatched him up, kissed him and hugged him, and laughed and cried over him to such a degree that even Master Leonard, who could bear a great deal of that sort of thing, was obliged to order her to—

"'Top it."

And then she ceased, and bore him off to dress him in all his finery for dinner.

Yes, the reconciliation was perfect. And as it very seldom happens that any human being suffers as Drusilla had suffered, so, also, it falls to the lot of very few to be so happy as she was that evening and ever thereafter.

She never learned the true history of little Lenny's abduction. She was left to believe in the policeman's theory that the child had been stolen by thieves for the sake of the jewelry on his person. She was told, however, of Meg's cherishing care of her baby, and she saw for herself the strong attachment existing between them; and so she appointed Meg under nurse-maid, and fitted her out with a decent wardrobe. As to Meg's "parents and guardians," the thieves of Blood Alley, they were left to their own conjectures on the subject of her absence, and they probably came to just conclusions, and being in possession of their ill got money, were also probably satisfied.

What else?

Clarence Everage, the sincerely repentant sinner whom misery had tempted to crime for which nature had never intended him, and whom conscience had afterwards constrained to confession and restitution—Clarence Everage, the poor, proud gentleman, the oppressed public school drudge—was put in possession of the Highland estate, and he became Everage of Kilcrichtoun.

Alexander advanced the funds to make the house habitable and the land arable.

In the bracing air of the mountains his fading wife and pale little daughters grew rosy and happy, well and strong. Everage also recovered his health and good looks, but never regained the raven hues of his hair. And when his wife or any friend would suggest that it was perfectly proper so young a man—so prematurely grey—should dye his hair, he would shake his head with a melancholy smile and say:

"No, no! I wear my gray locks in memory of a great temptation and a great fault, that might have been a fatal one but for the Lord's goodness."

No one, not even his wife, knew what he meant. And no one ventured to ask him. They saw that the matter was a sacred confidence between himself and his Creator, with which none might intermeddle.

In truth, nobody ever knew all the circumstances of little Lenny's abduction except those immediately concerned in it. Alexander had been generous in his recovered happiness, and had spared the name and fame of the poor gentleman.

The Lyon family, of which little Lenny was now the greatest lion of all, did not immediately return to their own country. They made the tour of Europe and worked hard at it, and so they saw about one trillionth part of what was worth seeing.

They were accompanied by the Seymours and by Francis Tredegar.

At the end of a year they went back to America, and down into Virginia.

Soon after their arrival several important family events occurred.

First, Drusilla presented little Lenny with a little sister, who was named Annette, and who became his especial delight.

Next, Anna became the mother of a fine boy, to the direct controverting of the gipsy fortune-teller's prediction, which had promised her only girls.

And finally, Nanny Seymour and Francis Tredegar were married; and the young couple, after a prolonged bridal tour, took up their abode with Colonel and Mrs. Seymour.

Pina made Jacob inexpressibly happy by accepting the dusky hand and honest heart of that "gorilla." Her place being made vacant by her marriage was well filled by Meg, now grown to be a pretty civilized-looking young woman, and promoted to be head of the nursery at Crow Wood.

When I last heard of these friends of ours, General Lyon was still living, in the enjoyment of a hale and happy age, at Old Lyon Hall, surrounded by Anna and Dick and their children, who made their home with him. And Hammond Hall was kept in good order by a steward and a housekeeper. And in the fishing season, the family, with a party of friends, usually occupy it for a few weeks. And there, as well as at Old Lyon Hall, they are often joined by Alexander and Drusilla.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lyon live chiefly at Crow Wood, where they spend their days in doing good, and in rearing their beautiful young family.

Their other country seat, Cedar Wood Cottage, is still in the care of "Mammy" and her "old man." And every winter Alick and Drusilla, with their children, go there to be near Washington in the season. And Mr. and Mrs. Hammond and General Lyon come to them. The General never loses his interest in what is going on at the capital.

THE END.

[Our popular contributor, MARY KYLE DALLAS, has written a beautiful story, entitled, "ABNER GAULT; *or, The Hand of Fate.*" We shall commence its publication in the next number of the *Ledger*.]

## LOT BROME'S WARD.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

Lot Brome's farm joined my father's. He was a strange man and lived in a house which, from its being rather high between joints and standing upon a rising ground, was called the Light-House.

Brome's wife was a noisy, bustling body, with a sharp nose, a long tongue, and a mortal fear of her grim spouse, who, it was said, never hesitated to apply corporeal chastisement if she was at all refractory.

Brome had no children, but he had a little cherub ward which had appeared under his roof in a very sudden and mysterious manner. Brome called her an orphan to inquisitive people, and beyond that was uncommunicative. It was said too that he kept the child close, and did not seem to like people to talk to her or notice her in any way.

My father had four stout sons older than I; and I, being lame, was exempted mostly from work and left to my own devices.

Thus it happened, that one day, when I was ten years old, I was idling upon one bank of the stream that separated my father's farm from Lot Brome's, and looking across at the Light-House thoughtfully, when the very subject of my speculations—Lot Brome's little ward—appeared upon the other shore. A surprisingly lovely child, with black curly hair blowing about her bare white shoulders, ran bonnetless and swift as a scared rabbit, down the path that led through the meadow-land on Brome's side of the stream. She did not stop running till she had almost thrown herself down the bank and stood upon the very brink of the water. Then, flushed to the very heart of her dimples and palpitating with the haste she had made, she looked up and, seeing me, began to laugh and nod. "I runned away," she called to me; and then, reaching out her hands, "I want to tome."

I was passionately fond of children—little children, that is. I did not feel shy with them as those of my own age, and I thought I had never seen any thing half so beautiful as this one. Without stopping to consider—few boys often do,—I rolled up my pants—I was barefoot—and, the stream being shallow here, waded across, and brought the pretty creature back in my arms.

"Mury like oo," she said, as I set her down, and began immediately to climb the bank on this side.

I could not stop her, though, truth to tell, I did not try very hard; and, after the first few yards' chase of her nimble feet, gave it up—coaxing her, instead, to go home with me.

She was willing enough, and prattled eagerly all the way, while I looked both back and forward with occasional brief misgivings, but was on the whole happier than I had ever been in my life before, for my infirmity made me shy of most companionship and I had never had or seen any thing that so completely fascinated me as this child. That "I want to tome," and "I like oo," had gone straight to my heart.

My mother scolded me soundly, and was scared nearly out of her wits at what I had done; but she devoured the pretty darling with kisses, carried her about the house in her arms, and loaded her with big lumps of sugar and all manner of good-ies and pret-ties that she could think of.

My poor mother had never had but one baby-girl of her own to pet, and she only petted her two years.

"If there was any one, love, to go, I'd send her home this minute," my mother would keep saying, anxiously and shaking her head at me; and Mury, as she had already taught us to call her, would pout her rosy lips, and declare, with her soft, warm cheek against my mother's, that she wasn't "doin' home one 'tep."

When my father came into his supper, and found what had happened, he looked displeased; but I could see well enough that he was also slyly amused.

"Come, child," he said, after supper, coaxing little Mury and beckoning me, "we must get you where you belong soon, or neighbor Brome will think we have pumped all his secrets out of you."

She went unwillingly; but yielded to my father's coaxing and an idea she took up that I was going to stay with her.

She ceased to laugh and prattle entirely as we approached the Light-House, and it required a fresh coaxing with some sternness on my father's part to get her inside the gate.

Brome and his wife darted out of the house, and met us half-way with vehement protestations of relief; but the glances they shot at my father and me were certainly expressive of any thing but that. Even I felt uneasy under their sharp questioning.

My father explained, and Brome, with grim smiling, professed to think the whole affair very laughable; but all the time his eyes did not lose their gloom, and he watched us restlessly.

My father shook himself slightly as we passed the gate—they did not ask us into the house—as though something oppressed him.

"I shouldn't like to have that man's conscience," he said softly to himself.

I knew he was not talking to me, so I did not speak; besides I was thinking how pretty, pretty Mury had clung to me at parting.

The next day and the next, I lounged upon the bank of the stream, and longed for my new playmate; but no Mury "runned" that way. The third day I was cross, and stayed at home, thus beginning to doubt the stability of feminine affection.

I was idling among the currant bushes in the back garden when something pulled my sleeve, and there, bare-foot and dripping with wet and covered with mud, stood Mury. She was holding two little shoes tight to her bosom, and, laughing and nodding as at first, she announced that:

"I's runned away aden."

She had taken off her shoes and waded across the creek, as I did, and she confessed, with a sudden burst of tears, that she "like to a dot jownded." The wonder was, indeed, that she missed drowning.

My mother was both annoyed at sight of her, and horrified at the danger she had been in. She kissed her rapturously, however, through all the mud, and Mury laughed and chattered like a mocking-bird in the exuberance of her delight. For me, I quite came out of my usual quiet self, to be a companion to this pretty magpie. I was quite strong, and though I could not walk without limping, I could romp in a sufficiently creditable fashion, and when my mother had somehow smuggled Mury inside a "short-gown" of her own, while she washed and dried the little mud-stained garments she had taken off, we two children played "horse" and "catchye, catchye" to our mutual satisfaction.

There is much said about the fascination a lovely woman can exercise. But no woman ever was the intoxicating delight to me that this little Mury was, not even Muriel herself, after she had grown to be the loveliest woman my eyes ever beheld. She combined, even at this age, the rarest delicacy with surpassing grace and sweetness.

She never seemed to know that I was lame when she was with me, though the peculiarity in my walk was almost painfully marked. But one day I found her sobbing upon my mother's shoulder, and my mother, knowing that I would want to be told why Mury cried, called me, and said, with tears in her own eyes:

"Dear Alec, Mury is so sorry for you."

I kissed the child, and sat down beside them with my little love's arm around my neck, while I told her stories, that made her forget her tears. Her pity did not, somehow, hurt me as that of most others did.

Lot Brome was very angry at this second escapade of Mury's, and did not attempt to conceal it from any of us. She was well watched for a time, but neither threats nor watching availed to keep her from us. She had almost an insane fear of her gloomy guardian, but this terror, instead of operating to make her obey him, seemed to drive her at every possible opportunity to flee his presence. She was sure every few days to make her escape and come to us.

Brome or his wife were usually upon her track at once, but she learned to cheat them by hiding outside somewhere till she had seen them come and go away, and they finally, through the judicious interference of my father, who was a capital peace-maker, consented to her coming as much as she liked. I heard my father say to my mother, however, that Brome would never have yielded the point, if he had not concluded that the child must have either told all she knew by this time, or else *forgotten* it.

Mury never told anything, however, except some vague talk about a "date big water" and a "date big cradle house," and some vaguer talk about papa coming back to Mury. Papa, she maintained, had brought her to Lot Brome's, and would come back for her some day.

As Brome said she was an orphan, of course we took this as mere child's talk.

So Muriel and I were growing up together, and I being exempted from farm duties, and expected to become a scholar, we went to the village school together—it was a mile and a half by the road, and a mile by the fields. Besides being shorter, the field was cleaner and pleasanter because of its verdure and fragrance, and we went that way oftenest.

Muriel's abode with the Bromes was endurable, though to a less sunny temperament than hers, it might not have been. Brome never struck her—a circumstance to be wondered at, knowing the man's gloomy and fitful temper, and the tyrant he was at home.

One day, when Muriel was ten, and I was sixteen, I had gone as usual through the fields to meet and join her on her way to school.

She was late in coming this morning, and while I stood waiting, I noticed with some surprise, that a rock of considerable size which had hitherto overhung the stream and seemed firmly established in its place, had fallen forward into it.

Muriel and I had often fished in the hollow this rock now covered, and when she presently joined me I called her attention to its change of position with many expressions of wonderment as to what could have caused its dislodgement.

I imagined I detected in the moist earth traces as though a lever had been employed in its removal, and thought it curious that any one should have taken that trouble with no apparent object in view.

Muriel stood by silent and without any seeming interest in the subject. Looking up, I saw that she was pale and strange.

I dropped my wonderment about the rock at once and sprang to her side.

"It is nothing, Alec.," she said, in reply to my anxious questioning, but beginning to cry. "You know I am always looking for papa, and last night I thought he had come."

I supposed she had forgotten all about that childish imagining long ago, as she had not spoken of it, and I was greatly surprised now to hear her allude to it in tones of such unabated confidence.

"I was sure I heard papa call me," she went on. "It was in the middle of the night, and it waked me. Somebody called me—I am certain somebody called me—and I thought it was papa. Besides, there was a great noise in the room under mine, where nobody slept generally, and I thought by that something must have happened. I was so sure papa had come at last that I ran down and tried to get into the room; but the door was locked, and nobody came to open it. I heard Mrs. Brome say, 'Oh, my God!' and I was surer than ever then, and I pounded the door with my hands, and called as loud as I could. After a long time, Mr. Brome came and let me in, but there was nobody there except him and Mrs. Brome."

"What then?" I asked, eagerly, thinking from her look that there was something more, and fearful lest Brome might have at last struck Muriel.

"Not much; only Mrs. Brome screamed and said she could not bear to look at me; and he struck her and called her a fool."

"What did he say to you? Did you tell him what you came down after?"

"No. He said to me that I wanted to know what he was about, did I? and that he was beating his wife—that was what he was doing. Was there anything else I'd like to know? And then he looked at me so dreadfully that I was frightened, and ran away without saying a word."

She had not indeed got over her fright yet, and could scarcely talk for crying.

I soothed her as well as I could, reminding her that it was not the first time that Brome and his wife had quarrelled before her.

"But he must have hurt her very bad last night," she said. "She hadn't got up yet when I came away. I had to make the breakfast for him and me, and I was so afraid of him I couldn't eat."

Muriel drew near to me and spoke in a whisper.

"I heard them up all night, and he made her go out with him somewhere. When they came back he was scolding her yet, and I could hear her groan as if she was hurt very bad. He's an awful man. Papa could not have known, or he would never have left me there."

We walked along grave and silent. I was sorry for Brome's poor wife; but I was wondering with a chill of misgiving if Brome would ever dare strike Muriel.

I don't know what she was thinking of; but her face was very white still, and she wore an anxious look all day.

She was more cheerful the next morning, and said, with a relieved look, that Mrs. Brome was about again.

We were together much of the next four years—Muriel growing in loveliness and sweetness, and developing a fine intellect; I reciting to the minister, and becoming a wonder at home and among the neighbors for my learning.

I sometimes tried to talk with Muriel about that night when she had been so frightened; for, I scarce knew why, I felt a perplexed curiosity about it, like one who had listened to a story with the principal incidents of the narrative left out.

But she shrank so painfully from any allusion to it that I ceased to annoy her with it.

When I was twenty, I went away to a distant town to study medicine with an old friend of my father's who offered to do well by me.

Never mind what Muriel and I suffered in parting. It was bitter enough, and scarcely softened by the pledges we exchanged—young as we were—of mutual love and constancy.

I was *afraid* to leave her, and she, poor thing, feared to have me go.

It seemed as if a presentiment of the future was on us both.

I had no reasonable excuse, however, for stopping at home when I had so good a chance to do for myself, and of course I went.

Travelling expenses were greater in those days than now, and money not so plenty. It was two years before I saw home again, and the last six months of that time I did not hear from Muriel once.

I *would* go home then, to see what had happened, and not having money, I worked for my passage on the canal boat, and walked the rest of the way, except as an occasional teamster, pitying my lameness, gave me a lift.

My mother looked frightened at sight of me. Matters had been going bad enough at the Light-House, but they had kept it from me, for fear of interrupting me in my studies.

"Besides you couldn't have done anything if you had been here," said my mother, soothingly, for I was in a passion of rage and emotion at what I heard.

Mrs. Brome was dead and buried just six months, and Muriel had not been seen half a dozen yards from the house since.

My mother had braved Brome's scowls and been to see her a few times, but though she saw Muriel in a room by herself, she was silent and uncommunicative, and entirely unlike herself, so pale and thin. My mother suspected strongly that Brome was within hearing all the time, and that Muriel was afraid to speak, knowing it.

My poor girl! I alone could appreciate what she must have suffered—staying in the jailership of that dreadful man; I alone, knowing her as I did, could imagine how terrible an influence must have been brought to bear upon her to affect her thus.

I did not wait to eat or drink, or to see my father—I went to see Muriel within the hour.

Brome must have seen me coming at a distance—he could recognize me by my walk—for he met me at the gate, and told me I might as well go back; Muriel had changed her mind about me, and was going to be married to some one else.

I laughed at him.

"Come in, and she'll tell you so herself," he said, with a ghastly grin, and led the way.

Muriel rose stiffly from her seat as we went in, looking—oh! so unlike herself, and met me without any change of countenance. Her face was white though as her collar, and her hand so thin I could almost see through it.

She confirmed all that Brome said, speaking coldly, and without looking at me, and no appeals, entreaties or promises of protection, if she were afraid of Brome, could move her to any other expression of herself.

I had to go away unsatisfied, wretched, but I was not deceived. I had not known and loved my darling so many years to be deceived in her now.

"The man has some guilty secret, that he is afraid she will tell, and he has terrified her with threats and perhaps worse, till she dare not speak," I said to myself, as I went away.

I set me then to hunt up every evil rumor of the many there were about Lot Brome. I was indefatigable, and keen as any fox, but I came upon nothing tangible.

I would have given everything for a talk with Muriel, but she was too well guarded. Brome would never have let me speak with her alone.

I came near, at one time, having poor Mrs. Brome disinterred, to see if she had not perished by violence, but I was so opposed by the home folks that I gave it up.

During my absence a new road had been laid out across my father's property and Lot Brome's—laid out, but not made yet, so that in returning home from town I could still take the path across the fields over which Muriel and I had so often gone in our school days.

I was coming by that way one night late. The Light-House was dark—it was indeed near midnight; I had been detained unavoidably, and had fretted at the delay, little imagining what it would lead to.

As I came opposite the large rock I have mentioned before, I heard some one swear. Stopping and searching the darkness about me I saw a man standing in the water by the rock. The flowing of the water had drowned the sound of my approach, and he was unconscious of it.

Some instinct made me drop upon my hands and knees and creep through the tall grass toward him, till I could see what he was about.

He had a large crowbar, and was prying at the rock, and swearing between whiles. By the voice and general look I knew it was Lot Brome.

Was the man crazy or walking in his sleep? or had he got a pot of gold hid away under this monster fragment of stone? He was in the water over his knees, and in his eagerness went much deeper sometimes.

I thought of rising and collaring him, and having our quarrel out there. God forgive me, I never realized how I hated that man till then, as I crouched near him, alone in the dark, and tempted to spring at his throat. I sickened, revolted by my own anger.

Satisfied that he would never be able to move the rock alone—years had bedded it in its place too firmly—I crept away, saying to myself that I would bring him help before morning dawned. I went home, and rousing my father and the two brothers who were still at home, I told what I had seen, and what I wanted.

They were far from reluctant. "He didn't make such a fuss about the new road crossing his land for nothing," my father said, as he shouldered a crowbar, "it's to be opened next week, and his rock will have to come then, if it don't before."

Lot Brome's face, as we came up, was a sight. We had lanterns, and by their light he looked as though he had thought we had come to bury him.

"Alec was coming this way and thought you seemed as if you needed some help, so we come down," my father said, sternly, and stepped into the edge of the water.

Brome's tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth at first, but presently he said, in a sulky way:

"You think you've caught me now, don't you, Crossly?"

"I always thought I *should*, Brome. You know I never considered you a good man," said my father, in his odd way, "come boys," bracing himself, "he—oh, he-a-v-e her now."

The huge stone lifted slowly. Brome reeled as it rose, but he struck his crowbar into the sand and held himself up by it.

"Don't hold me answerable for what you're doing," he said, in a husky voice, but none of us answered.

We succeeded after a time in prying the stone from its bed, and placing it upon end. Then we brought smaller stones and filled in between the large one and the shore, till—the current of the stream being intercepted—its course was sufficiently altered for our purpose.

Day was breaking by this time, and we waited for it, watching the shallow water.

I believe we all saw IT at the same moment, even Brome, who called, between chattering teeth:

"My God! what is it?"

We could all see *what* it was—the skeleton of a man, the bones whitened and shining like ivory from the action of the water upon them, the denuded skull grinning horribly up at us.

My father's hand fell heavily upon Brome's shoulder.

"Man, how came *that* there," he demanded, sternly.

Brome was shaking like a leaf.

"I'll own up," he gasped, "I've kept it in long enough. I killed him, eight years ago to-night, and Ann and I brought the body down here, and tipped that rock over upon it. It didn't move so hard then."

Eight years ago! It was the very night of Muriel's fright, the very night before that morning when I had been surprised at finding that this very rock had changed its place.

"Who was he?" I asked, eagerly.

Brome turned slowly toward me.

"He was Muriel's father. We were boys together. He went away to other countries, and made money and married. His wife ran away from him, before Muriel was old enough to remember her. He turned all his property into gold, and brought it and the child to this country. Then he must needs go on a hunt for his wife, and stumbling on me, he thought of the old boyish affection between us, and fancied he could trust it. I don't know but he might, if he'd only left his child to my care and taken his gold with him. But he left them both, and the money tempted me. I hoped he would never come back, but I never meant to give up the money if he did. I knew he had no friends in this country who could identify him, and I meant to pretend not to know him if he ever came back for the money. I did not mean to kill him, but he waked while I was searching his papers to find the acknowledgment I had given him for the gold. I thought I had given him enough opium to keep him asleep, but he waked and clinched me, and I struck him on the temple with a door-bolt. The blow killed him."

It was true. Lot Brome had killed Muriel's father and hid his body here. But he had never known an instant's peace since. He had lived in terror of his own wife betraying him to justice, and when she had died, suspecting that she had told Muriel, he had entered upon such a horrible system of espionage and threatening as to reduce my poor girl to the state in which I found her. His victim had come and gone so quietly in that rural district, that but for Brome's own confession, it would have been difficult to convict him of the murder. As it was, the court made short work of it, and he suffered in due time the full penalty of his crime. I went up to the Light-House in the early dawn, and found Muriel. She came to me like a child when she could believe that she dare, and I took her to my father's house that very morning.

We did not tell her all the truth, till long after.

Brome had never touched the gold that had tempted him to such wickedness, so that Muriel was very rich now.

There was a coldness between us for a little, because I thought a poor lame young man like me no match for an heiress. But my dear girl penetrated my weakness, and weeping, scolding, entreating, coaxing by turns, convinced me that if I held to my fancy, I should prove both stubborn and ridiculous beyond words, so I yielded the point.

## THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XLIX.

On the following morning, Nina appeared at the breakfast table as serene as if nothing had occurred to mar the peace of her life. She was unusually bright and animated, and Mr. Hastings painfully thought what a comfort and happiness her presence near him would have proved had her moral qualities borne any proportion to her power of fascination.

He had, however, but one desire now with regard to her; and that was, to remove her from himself as far as possible, and place her in a secure and comfortable position for the future.

When breakfast was over, the two girls strolled out on the portico, and walked to and fro till Mrs. Hastings summoned her daughter to her own apartment, for the purpose of allowing her husband to speak in private with Miss Gordon.

The conversation of the previous night seemed to have removed every shadow of mistrust from her mind, and Mrs. Hastings had herself proposed that he should go to Nina, and inform her of the necessity of an early departure,

Mr. Hastings sent a request to her to join him in the library, as he had something important to say to her. Wondering that his wife permitted such an interview to take place, Nina moved toward the room in which he awaited her appearance.

After carefully closing the door, Mr. Hastings sat down near her, and gravely said:

"I asked you to come hither, Nina, to inform you that your desire for a speedy departure from Silvermere can be gratified at once. I will take you away myself in two days from this time, and make the necessary arrangements for sending you back whence you came."

Nina changed color, and she bitterly said:

"I think you are in a great hurry to rid yourself of me. When I spoke of going away, I had no idea that you would be willing to let me leave you so abruptly."

"It is for your own good that I have decided on this course, Nina. On Thursday evening, Opal gives her hand to Godfrey Fenton, and after what you told me yesterday, I considered it best that you should leave before they are married."

She uttered a faint cry, and covered her face with her hands. After a painful pause, she said, in smothered tones:

"Is it true? Will he *really* dare to marry Opal, when he knows how madly I love him? How utterly lost, and wretched I shall be without him?"

Her father compassionately regarded her, and his voice faltered as he replied:

"I am sorry to hear you speak thus, Nina. I am placed in a most painful position between yourself and your sister. But even if Godfrey had preferred you to her, his mother would never have permitted him to marry you. Arouse yourself from the indulgence of morbid feeling, my child, and forget that you have ever cared more for Fenton than he does for you."

"*Forget!*" she repeated, "as if that were possible to such a creature as myself! No—I shall not forget; it were well for him if I could; I will remember, and repay, and—and— But it is idle to utter threats; and I will not be guilty of *that* weakness. So, you have determined to send me away this week? In what way will you take me? to the cotton landing, or to Natchez?"

The place she referred to was a rude landing, about a mile distant, near which a rough shed had been built by the neighboring planters for the purpose of sheltering the cotton sent there to be shipped to New Orleans. Nina had rode over to it several times since she had been at Silvermere, and was familiar with the locality.

Mr. Hastings replied:

"I shall take you to Natchez, for this reason: The packet will not stop at the landing before Thursday night, and it is your wish, I suppose, to be far away from here by that time. If it were not for the wedding, I could easily take you down from here that night, for there is a large quantity of cotton ready to be shipped on the next packet, and she will be there several hours."

A sudden light came into Nina's face; her eyes gleamed with the phosphorescent fire that flashed from them in her most dangerous moods; she seemed suddenly to have recovered from her chagrin, for she almost gaily said:

"What a good, thoughtful father you are. I have come out of my heroics, and I shall be quite ready to accompany you to Natchez at any time. Only let me get away from Godfrey Fenton, and I shall soon cease to care for such an ingrate as he is. With the money you have promised to give me, I shall be able to make myself very happy, I have no doubt. How much will you allow me, sir?"

"Five hundred a year is all that I have at my own disposal."

"Five hundred dollars! to board and clothe myself out of! I am sure you must be jesting when you speak of such a pittance as that, as an adequate support for your daughter."

Mr. Hastings looked at her with an expression of intense pain, but firmly said:

"That sum, with what Mrs. Hastings is willing to settle on you, will be quite sufficient for every rational want. My wife has informed me of her offer to give you ten thousand dollars; and that I consider a very respectable provision for you, aside from what I shall be able to do for you."

Nina flushed, and resentfully said:

"So Mrs. Hastings has told you that? She must be in a better humor with you than she has been of late, to give you her confidence to such an extent. Did she also tell you *why* that money was offered to me?"

"She did; she does not like you, and she wishes to remove you from her house at any cost. She was jealous of you, but I have dispelled that delusion from her mind."

"In what way? Did you inform her of the relation in which we stand to each other?"

"God forbid! for that would make a breach between us that nothing could heal."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir; for I have serious thoughts of telling Mrs. Hastings myself. Why should she not know that I am your daughter, and must be provided for as such?"

With pale sternness, he replied:

"In attempting such a course, you would effectually destroy all hope of assistance from me. I have no resources of my own; my wife allows me an annual sum for attending to the management of her property, and from that I shall give you the allowance I named. If Mrs. Hastings is made aware of that unfortunate episode in my early life, I feel assured that she would separate herself from me. In losing her, I should lose the control of her fortune, and with it, the power of more liberally providing for you at some future day."

His words produced their due effect, and Nina lightly said:

"I was not in earnest, *chèr* papa. What could I gain by making mischief between yourself and your wife? Since you are content to 'dwell in decencies forever,' I am sure that I have no wish to balk you; but if I had to submit to Mrs. Hastings' exactions as you do, I should not much care how soon an explosion came."

"Perhaps not, as you seem to belong to the explosive order of women; but my home is pleasant to me in spite of its drawbacks; and I have *one* child at least who has never given me cause to regret that she was ever born. Besides, I owe to my wife such reparation as I can make for not giving her as much of my heart as she is entitled to. I will try and do better in the future. In my house I will seek to bring the true spirit of affection, and put to flight all Laura's fears of finding a rival in my affections. I gave her one in you; but that is over. After what you said to me yesterday, I clearly see that the tie of blood that unites us is the only bond that can exist between you and myself. You have proved that you do not love me; I have ceased to consider you above others; and now we stand on equal ground."

The sad severity with which Mr. Hastings uttered these words convinced Nina that they had been maturely weighed, and expressed the simple truth. She listened with a heart filled to overflowing with rage and disappointment. She had evidently lost the hold on him she flattered herself she had established, and he was ready to cast her off without a single regret. He would give her money, and that was all. No wearisome longing for her return would follow her departure. On the contrary, he would breathe freer with the sense of relief it would afford him.

She arose and haughtily said:

"I believe we understand each other now, sir, and it is useless to multiply words. I am to go, and you are glad to rid yourself of my presence. On my side, I can, with truth, assure you that I am as anxious to leave your house as you are to get me out of it. I shall pack up to-morrow, and be ready to go in town at any time you may think expedient."

"Very well. But you need not fatigue yourself with packing your trunks. Ninette can attend to that. I will give orders to that effect myself."

"Don't trouble yourself, sir. When I need the assistance of your servants I can summon them myself. I will go to my room now, as I wish to be alone."

Nina hurried from the library, and ascended to her own apartment in a state of angry excitement which at that moment might have led her to attempt some desperate act. She locked the door and paced the floor in violent agitation, muttering:

"Turned out of doors! Actually ordered to go away, for it amounts to that; and I, his eldest child, too! With every claim on him, I am to be thrust away with that contemptible allowance. Why, it is not the twentieth part of the annual income of his wife. But I will yet find means to increase it. I will—I *will!* and I will wring the hearts that have ignored my claims, and made me bear the stigma of illegitimacy, and left me in the world alone. I wonder what my lady mother will say when she becomes aware that I hold her pseudo respectability at my mercy? She abandoned me—left me to the care of strangers—and I will let her know that I have been informed of her whole history. *She*, too, shall pay me for withholding from the husband she has so basely deceived the knowledge that she has a living child that does not claim him as her father. I wonder if she has ever read the Scarlet Letter, and took its lesson to heart. I fancy that the man she has married will hold her to as strict an account as the old Puritans held that unhappy woman. And *my* mother merits punishment more than she did; for the heroine of that terrible story did not abandon her child. She kept it with her, cherished it and loved it; but *she* cast me off because she considered her own interests before my welfare. It will go hard with me if I do not find the means of repaying her."

In her present savage mood Nina felt capable of anything. Her thoughts reverted to Godfrey Fenton and his approaching marriage, and she meditated almost to madness on the means of preventing it. After a long interval of conflicting thought, she muttered:

"I will give him one more chance—*one more!* and God help him if he refuses it!"

She opened her portfolio and hastily wrote:

"Meet me in the boat house this afternoon for only half an hour. I am going away at once. Perhaps we shall never meet again; it is most probable that we never shall, and I am sure you cannot deny me this last request. I have that to say to you which it most deeply concerns you to hear. NINA."

She folded the paper and put it in her pocket, then threw herself on the bed to compose herself and rest before the dinner hour arrived. She heard the voice of Fenton talking gaily in the lower hall, and she felt certain that he would remain at Silvermere through the day. There was no service in the neighborhood church, and he felt at liberty to dispose of himself as he pleased.

Nina arrayed herself in a most becoming toilette. When she descended to join the party in the drawing-room the tempest of emotion had passed away, leaving her face as fair and placid as usual, and the sweet smile with which she extended her hand to her former lover had in it no shadow of the bitterness that lay cradled in her heart.

That she should still love this man seemed to her one of the unaccountable inconsistencies of human nature. She had no respect for him. She knew that he had preferred another to her, yet her heart madly cried out that she must win him yet, or take a terrible vengeance for her defeat.

During the progress of her convalescence she had met Fenton several times, and she acted toward him as though that interview on the lake had left no traces on her memory. Admiring her tact, he submitted to the fascination she could exercise at will over any man that approached her, and on this day he found her bewitching.

Nina spoke of her early departure, and declared that her spirits had risen from the moment she had actually made up her mind to return to her old home and the friends she would find there. Fenton listened skeptically; but he was not the less charmed with the sparkling gaiety of her manner, although he thought it was increased by the quantity of champagne she had drank at dinner.

Opal was pale and pre-occupied, and her betrothed allowed himself to be monopolized by Nina. He forgot his recent fears of her. With his usual egotistical recklessness, he thought only of the amusement of the passing hour, and he was only recalled to prudence by having the note Nina had written thrust furtively into his hand as the three young people went out on the portico together.

"What could she have to say him that required such secresy as that?" he confusedly asked himself; and he felt half-tempted to return it to her as mysteriously as it had been offered. But curiosity prevailed, and he watched an opportunity to open the paper and read the lines traced within.

Nina adroitly afforded him this by luring Opal to the end of the portico to examine the buds of an early rose, which were already bursting into bloom. She could not see Fenton's face as he glanced over her missive, but she felt perfectly sure that he did read her request, and her heart beat high with the hope that he would grant it.

When they rejoined him, she carelessly said:

"The afternoon is so charming that I think a walk would do me good—what do you say, Opal?"

Nina knew beforehand the answer she would receive, for Opal had complained of suffering from headache, and she felt certain that she would decline going. As she anticipated, the reply was a refusal.

"Excuse me, Nina; I am not well enough to leave the house, and I scarcely think it will be prudent for you to walk far yourself."

"Oh I feel quite well to-day, and I wish to take a last farewell of the boat-house. I have some sentimental reminiscences connected with that you know. Mr. Fenton saved my life when he fished me out of the lake, though he violates the rules of romance by deserting me for another. But I hope he will be as happy with you, my dear, as if he had not slighted me."

The gay carelessness with which she uttered these words gave no clue to their bitter meaning, at least to Opal. Nina passed into the hall, and throwing a fleecy shawl that hung on the hat-stand around her, she ran down the steps, saying:

"You may follow me or not, just as you choose, Opal, but of course Mr. Fenton will be too gallant to permit me to go on my pilgrimage alone."

Fenton hesitated a moment as to the propriety of accepting this challenge; but finally, compressing his lips, he walked to the farthest end of the portico, gathered a rose-bud, and returned to offer it to Opal, as he said:

"I think I had rather stay with you, love. You are not in good spirits to-day, and you seem to need cheering up."

"But it seems unkind to allow Nina to walk alone, Godfrey, and she still weak from her illness. Pray follow her, and make the *amende honorable*."

"Excuse me, I prefer staying with you," Fenton said aloud; but he mentally added:

"If you only knew the kind of *amende* she would ask of me, I hope you would not be so willing to permit me to offer it."

Nina glanced back several times, and her pace slackened, but she still kept on her way toward the boat-house, in the hope perhaps that Fenton would yet join her there.

But he had no idea of risking such an interview, and he ardently hoped that he had seen the last of Nina Gordon forever. When she was beyond hearing, he called to a negro boy, and ordered his horse to be brought around immediately. Opal looked surprised; she asked:

"Are you going away before Nina returns, or will you ride around by the boat-house?"

"I hate leave-takings. Give my compliments to Miss Gordon, and my best wishes for a safe and pleasant journey. That is all I have to say to her. My mother will expect me back early, and I must set out at once, for the sun is getting behind the tree-tops. Good-bye, Opal! I shall be absent from home for the next three days, and I shall see you no more till the important evening on which we have agreed to take each other for better, for worse. I hope to find you in your highest beauty on that auspicious night."

He ran lightly down the steps, mounted his horse, and rode gaily away—kissing his hand to her as he turned the last curve in the road that concealed her from his sight.

Opal went in to lie down, for the headache of which she complained was not a show to cover the sadness of her heart, as is too often the case with her sex. So she did not know how long Nina waited in the boat-house for the faithless lover that never came; nor did she see the pale, set face the disappointed one brought back with her as the twilight shadows were falling over the earth.

Nina went up to her own room chilled through every fibre of her frame by her imprudent exposure to the open air, yet with a fiery flood of passion and despair seething in her heart that rendered her insensible to physical discomfort.

On this night she felt herself a veritable Ishmael, for it seemed to her as if every hand was raised against her, and she was ready herself to rise up and do battle against the whole human race. Steeped in the gall of bitterness was her heart, and, at moments, she almost dreaded herself.

Nina refused to go down to supper, and she scarcely touched what was sent up to her. She ordered the servant to bring wine up to her, and eagerly drank glass after glass, keeping the bottle near her after Minette had gone away.

When she looked into the mirror and saw the flush it had brought to her face, she uttered:

"The wine has gone to my head. No matter—I needed it to enable me to bear my burden, and I love its exhilarating effects. That task is my only inheritance from *him*—from the weak man who fears to proclaim to the world that I am his child. Never mind! I will find means to repay him yet."

Nina took up the light, and held it almost in contact with the bed-clothing, laughing like a maniac as she did so.

"Ha, ha! What if I set fire to his house and burned it to the ground? It is a great temptation; but then I'm not ready to bury myself on a funeral pyre. But he could easily build another house even better than this, so what should I gain by that? No, no; I will do something that will cause me to be remembered longer than setting a house on fire would.

"To be baffled at every point; to be sent away in disgrace and defeat, is more than I will tamely bear. I have thought over all that is possible; I have settled my plan of action; and now, Godfrey Fenton, marry that pale-faced simpleton who does not know how to love, as soon as you dare. You think you are done with me forever; so you thought twice before in your life, but I came upon your path again. The *third* time of coming will be ominous for you."

Thus musing, Nina sat till a late hour; but finally weariness of body and lassitude of mind sent her to her pillow to sleep heavily till a late hour of the morning.

In the course of the day Opal delivered to Nina the parting message of Fenton, and at the same time expressed herself so sweetly and tenderly toward her that her hard and wayward heart was touched. She earnestly said:

"I hope you will be happy, Opal, and I promise you to do what I can to contribute to your future welfare. As I am going away, you think that cannot be much, but no one knows. I may some day have the power to influence your fate for good or evil, and I pledge you my word that it shall be for the first."

"Thank you, Nina; and I, in my turn, will say that if you should need a friend in the future, apply to me, and I will do all that lies in my power to serve you."

Minette came up to say that dinner was served, and after it was over Nina was to set out for Natchez, to remain with the Matson family till the departure of the steamer. The meal was a silent one, for each one had much to think of, and by the time it was over the carriage was heard to drive to the door.

Nina's trunks were brought down, put into a light baggage wagon and sent off, and she herself soon followed them, equipped for her drive. Mrs. Hastings bade her a polite adieu, after whispering to her that her husband would attend to the business that was necessary to transfer to her the settlement she had promised. Nina turned from her to the sister who stood beside her, ignorant of the close tie that connected them, and with some emotion said:

"Kiss me once before I go, Opal. I shall carry with me a pleasant memory of *you*, at any rate."

"I will kiss you once, twice, three times, for papa, mamma and myself," she replied, suiting the action to the words, and Nina returned the caresses, holding her hand clasped in her own while she looked into the blue eyes bent tenderly upon her.

Suddenly she dashed it away, hastened down the steps, and entering the carriage, was driven rapidly from the house she had entered as a malignant influence—in which she yet meant to leave a lasting memento of her presence.

Mr. Hastings sat perfectly silent till they had left Silvermere far behind them. His manner toward Nina had so entirely changed that she felt sure he was now only anxious to remove her as far as possible from himself. Although she regarded him with very mixed feelings, she resented the withdrawal of that affection which he had declared had so long been the ruling passion of his life.

He looked sad and broken, and Nina thought his hair whiter this morning than it had been before, but that did not touch the heart she had hardened until it felt like adamant in her bosom. Mr. Hastings at length spoke in measured tones:

"Nina, you are going from me, perhaps forever; but I shall hope to hear regularly from you. Your letters can be sent to me under cover to my friend, Mr. Matson, and he will take care that they come safely to hand. I shall settle the money agreed on upon you, and you can draw your income through a banking firm in New York, whose address I will give you. Does this satisfy you, my child?"

"I shall write to you when I have anything to say, and as to being satisfied with what you can do for me, of course I must content myself with what I can get. It is little enough, considering the style in which you live, and the money so profusely lavished on Opal."

To this ungracious speech her father calmly replied:

"I have explained to you that Opal derives her wealth from her mother, not from me; or so great a difference would not be made. If life is granted me a few years longer, and I am successful in some speculations I intend to undertake for your benefit, I shall be able to give you a handsome dower; but I can promise nothing positively. What I can do, I will, on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"That you will never seek the unfortunate woman whose life I wrecked. That you will never betray to her that I gave her humiliating secret into your keeping. You will promise me this, Nina?"

The repressed eagerness of his manner showed her how much in earnest he was, and she evasively asked:

"Why should I seek the mother who repudiated the tie of maternity so far as I am concerned? I am sure there would be no pleasure in a meeting between her and myself, and I shall not be likely to seek it."

"Then you will keep my confidence sacred? You will not attempt to embitter still further the sad life of your unhappy mother? Give me this assurance, Nina, for I must have it."

"Why should you doubt my willingness to give it? I shall leave Mrs. Marsden to seek such peace as she can now find. You need have no misgivings on her account, sir."

Mr. Hastings was forced to satisfy himself with these vague assurances, for he could gain nothing more definite from his companion, and silence again fell between them till the carriage drew near the town.

Then he took Nina in his arms, kissed and caressed her as he had done on that night when he believed her to be dying, and she knew that her waywardness had not entirely destroyed the strong parental love he felt for her.

Nina triumphed in this thought, though her own heart but feebly responded to the endearments her father lavished on her. He at last released her from his almost convulsive embrace, and huskily said:

"I have given you my farewell, Nina. When we part in the presence of others, it must be as the acquaintances of a few brief weeks. Nothing must be betrayed to others."

"Do not fear for me, sir," she replied, with perfect self-possession. "Only retain your calmness, and I can answer for mine."

Her father regarded her earnestly a few moments, and then passionately cried:

"Child—child! I believe that what you said to me the other day was the truth! that all the love I feel for you has failed to elicit any return. God help me! I deserve it, perhaps, but it is not the less bitter for that."

By this time the carriage had entered the avenue that led to Mr. Matson's door, and Nina hurriedly asked:

"What do you expect of me? I am human—I have strong resentments, and although you are my father, you have yourself told me that which could only have the effect of estranging me from you. It is better for us to live apart, for we could have no comfort in each other."

The carriage drew up, the door was opened, and Nina sprang out without giving Mr. Hastings time to descend and assist her to alight.

In another moment she was surrounded by the younger members of the Matson family, who had hurried out on seeing the carriage from Silvermere at the door. Half paralyzed by the cruel words to which he had just listened, Mr. Hastings slowly followed her, and returned the greetings of Mrs. Matson, who by this time had come to the door herself.

She expressed much pleasure and surprise at seeing them both; as they entered the house she said to Nina:

"I heard of your illness, my dear, and tried to get out to see you, but we had sickness among ourselves, and I was forced to satisfy myself about you by inquiring from Dr. Wiseman how you were getting along. I am glad to see that you are looking nearly as well as ever."

"Oh, yes, thank you; I have recovered entirely, I believe; but my experience of the climate of Mississippi has convinced me that I cannot live in it, and I am on my way to my Northern home."

"Going back! impossible! Why should you return to that cold country when ours is so much more beautiful?"

"Ah! there we differ, you see. I think *my* state the most delightful one in the Union, and I am going back to my 'ain countrie' to stay there, and content myself even with its wintry snows."

A glance at the stern face of Mr. Hastings satisfied Mrs. Matson that something had gone wrong, but what it was, she was destined never to know. She mildly said:

"I had hoped for something different, Miss Gordon; but if you are satisfied to return to the North, of course we must make up our minds to let you go."

"I am quite satisfied—most anxious to be on my way; so anxious, indeed, that I could not consent to remain to the wedding; which, by the way, takes place on Thursday evening, and only the connexions of the family are to be invited. Mr. Hastings was so kind as to bring me in himself, but he is not well, and he is besides in a great hurry to get back home, so, of course, we must not try to detain him."

Aroused by these words to the necessity of putting a restraint upon his feelings, Mr. Hastings said:

"I have but a moment to stay, Mrs. Matson, for I must see your husband before I leave town, and tell him what I wish done with reference to this wilful young lady, who is bent on taking her destiny in her own hands again. Good-bye, Miss Gordon; I wish you a safe and pleasant journey, and I shall do all that is in my power to provide you with protection on your way."

He held out his hand. Nina placed her own in it for a moment, and although she felt how tremulous his grasp was, she indifferently said:

"Good-bye, sir; I shall know how to take care of myself very well."

Mr. Hastings bowed mechanically to the others, and moved away as if walking in a dream. He re-entered his carriage, which he ordered to be driven to Mr. Matson's place of business. There, he held a long and confidential interview with the merchant, the result of which was, that on his return home Mr. Matson expressed no surprise at Nina's sudden departure, nor did he renew his offer to find another situation for her as teacher in a private family.

When Nina was not looking at him, he regarded her with a half-curious, half-pitying expression, which showed that Mr. Hastings had given him more of his confidence with regard to her actual position than he had bestowed on any other person.

On the following morning, immediately after breakfast, Nina went to her room, put on her bonnet and shawl, and watching her opportunity, made her way from the house without attracting the attention of any of its inmates. After leaving the grounds, she moved leisurely toward the city which lay in sight, and soon gained the upper end of Main street.

She wore a thick veil, which she never lifted as she moved down this thoroughfare, till she came to the squares occupied by mercantile establishments. Looking about her, she found a clothing store, which she entered, and asked to look at boy's clothes. In a few moments a plain suit, made for a well-grown boy, was selected, to which a dark cloth cap was added.

When the clerk asked where the bundle was to be sent, she replied:

"I will take it myself," and after paying for them she walked out, carrying the parcel in her hand.

With swift steps Nina threaded her way back to Mr. Matson's house, entered unobserved as she had gone out, and went up to her chamber.

She placed the articles she had so mysteriously purchased in a small trunk, in which her night-dress and toilette apparatus were packed, and her face while thus employed would have made a study for a physiognomist. There was cunning, bitterness, and resolute purpose expressed on it, and it was not difficult to see that her mind was made up to some course of action which promised revenge for the defeat she had sustained at Silvermere.

When Nina rejoined the family circle, she was as gay and pleasant with its younger members as on the occasion of her former visit, and no one would have dreamed of the terrible guilt she was meditating; of the purpose that had matured in her own mind, and only waited for the opportunity to be put into execution.

Two days passed away with apparent enjoyment to Nina, and on the third one she prepared to embark on the New Orleans steamer. She took leave of the family with many expressions of regard, and accompanied by Mr. Matson in his own carriage, went under the hill to meet the boat which was due at five o'clock.

On the way he gave her a letter of introduction to Mr. Thomas Frith, the commission merchant, in New Orleans, who received the cotton shipped by Mr. Hastings, and also an order on him for five hundred dollars, as the first installment of the sum to be paid her annually. Mr. Matson gravely said:

"Mr. Hastings has settled on you enough to make you independent, Miss Gordon, and I have consented to act as your trustee. To prevent unpleasant comments, I shall transmit your interest as it falls due to New York, and send you a check on the bank in which it shall be deposited in your name. All you have to do is to enjoy 'the goods the gods provide,' and make yourself happy in your own way."

Nina fixed her eyes upon his face and abruptly asked:

"What reason did Mr. Hastings give you for settling this money on me? If he gave none, you must think it a strange proceeding."

He returned her gaze without flinching, and quietly replied:

"He told me *the truth*, Miss Gordon—not in all its details; but he confided to me enough to convince me that he acted very unwisely when he brought you into his own family. I am aware of your near relationship to Mr. Hastings, and I have undertaken to become the gurdian of your interests, as it was impossible for your father to act in person for you with exciting suspicion in the mind of his wife."

With flashing eyes Nina exclaimed:

"So he has put this crowning humiliation upon me? He has told *you*, the friend I had made for myself, who and what I am. Did he tell you, too, who my mother is?"

"No—he scarcely referred to her. He spoke only of you, and he showed the greatest anxiety that you should be suitably provided for."

"Suitably! what! with that paltry sum of money? Mrs. Hastings will wear diamonds at her daughter's wedding worth three times as much as they are willing to give me, and a single set of jewels offered to Opal by her bridegroom cost six thousand dollars. Yet my father thinks ten thousand as much as I am entitled to."

"It is far more than you had reason to expect when you came hither, Miss Gordon," replied Mr. Matson, coldly. "Remember that Mrs. Hastings' fortune belongs to herself, and her husband has little of his own. He has done all that he could for you, and he hopes some day to be able to do more."

"You expect me to be duly grateful, I suppose, but I am not. I think that I have been so bitterly injured, that all the money belonging to them both could not compensate me for it. I cannot yet forgive Mr. Hastings, for he acted a base part toward my mother, and she acted no less basely in giving me up when I was a baby and needed her care. I do not understand how she could do it, but I think she has met her reward."

"Do you know anything of her?"

"Yes, I do. She married an honorable man, from whom she concealed the fact that she had lived two years with Mr. Hastings, believing herself to be his wife. When she discovered the deception he had put upon her, she left him; and deserted me at the same time. As I was *his* child, I suppose she included me in the contempt and hatred with which he had given her good cause to regard him."

Mr. Matson seemed greatly surprised and shocked. He hurriedly said:

"Your father could never have acted so badly as that, Miss Gordon. You must unconsciously exaggerate."

"I do not; I had these facts from his own lips only a few days ago. I am not likely to forget them, nor would I put a false coloring upon them to make you think him worse than he is. I only wish you to be able to do justice to my mother, Mr. Matson, badly as I think she treated me; for the time may come when you will learn who she is, and then you will be glad to know that she was innocent of any wrong herself, so far as Mr. Hastings was concerned."

"I cannot imagine why you should suppose that I shall ever know anything about her; but I shall remember what you have said. Here, we are at the landing, and the boat is in sight."

Glad that the conversation must here end, and half incredulous of the truth of Nina's revelations, Mr. Matson assisted her to alight, and they went on the wharf-boat, to the side of which the splendid steamer Vicksburg dashed in a few more moments.

Several passengers were going on from Natchez, and among them Mr. Matson found an old gentleman of his acquaintance, to whom he introduced Nina. Mr. Waugh promised to attend to her on the way down, and see her safely established at the St. Charles hotel, on her arrival in New Orleans.

Mr. Matson went on board with her, and secured a comfortable state-room, into which he ordered the smallest trunk belonging to Nina to be placed. In a few moments the bell rang, and bidding the merchant farewell, she went into her room; he sought the shore again, and was taken back to his place of business in a brown study.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

### THE SHEPHERD'S REPLY.

When Chloe asked with arch surprise,
Why Cupid seemed to have no eyes,
Her swain replied—"Fair shepherdess,
Love's eyes are those that *you* possess!"

* * *

## CALM THOUGHT.

There is nothing which makes so great a difference between one man and another as the practice of calm and serious thinking. To those who have been unaccustomed to it, there is required at first an effort; but it is entirely in their own power to repeat this effort if they will, and when they will. It becomes every day easier by perseverance and habit—and the habit so acquired exerts a material influence upon their condition as responsible and immortal beings. In that great process, therefore, in which consists the healthy condition of any man as a moral being, there is a most important step, of which he must be conscious as an exercise of his own mind. You feel that you have here a power, however little you may attend to the exercise of it. You can direct your thoughts to any subject you please; you can confine them to objects which are before you at the time, to occurrences which have passed during the day—or you can send them back to events which took place many years ago. You can direct them to persons whom you are in the habit of meeting from day to day, or to those who are separated from you by thousands of miles. You can place before you persons who lived, and events which occurred long before you came into existence, and you can anticipate and realize events which are not likely to occur until you have ceased to exist. Study these wondrous processes of your mind; observe what power you have over them, and what consequences of eternal importance must arise from exercising them aright. If you can thus think of any subject you please, why cannot you think of God—of his power, his wisdom, his holiness, his justice—of his law which he has written in your heart, and in his revealed word? Why cannot you think of and realize the period when you shall lie down in the grave; and that tremendous moment when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live, and shall arise to judgment? Such truths as these, duly considered, or thought of, could not fail, under divine influence, to exercise a powerful effect upon all our habits of thinking and acting in this life.

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**A COOL REPLY.**—An Indian prince, remarkable for his pride and ill humor, once walking to the window of his presence chamber with a foreign ambassador, said to him: "Do you know, sir, that one of my ancestors forced a person of your description from this balcony into the street." "It may be so," was the reply, "but probably it was not the fashion then, as it is now, for ambassadors to wear swords."

### THE BROKEN-DOWN RACER.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I.
Poor, lonely steed, neglected and forlorn!
Compelled in these lone moors to pass away!
How darkened now the triumph of that morn
Which was the lustre of thy younger day!

II.
Rough is thy coat, which once so sleek and soft
Shone in the sunlight of the peopled course;
Faint the gaunt limbs whose steely sinews oft
Spurned the hard track with swift and nervous force.

III.
Dim is the eye whose lightning-flash of old
Blazed through the dust-clouds like a shooting-star;
Thin the strained nostril which, so tense and bold,
Snuffed at the outset victory afar.

IV.
Perchance a vision of old triumphs still
Rises at times before thy fading eye;
Thou feel'st again the keen, electric thrill,
Which winged thy purpose in the days gone by.

V.
Again around thee spreads the vivid scene;
The sea of faces in the Grand Stand there;
The judges in their boxes; and the green,
Thronged with gay coaches filled with ladies fair.

VI.
Ranged with thy compeers at the starting-place,
Thou champ'st the bit and hear'st the eager shout;
Swift at the signal, boundest thou apace,
Wild to be foremost in the plunging rout.

VII.
Again thy sinews stretch like springs of steel—
Again thy heart with fierce ambition glows—
Again, hot-haste beneath thy ringing heel,
The glistening race-course like a torrent flows.

VIII.
The first mad swerve—the swimming quarter-pole—
The halfway-hill—then, like a thunder-cloud,
Down the short home-stretch, frantic to the goal—
Victory amid the vivas of the crowd!

IX.
Alas, poor steed! the world is cold to thee!
These moors befit the meanest equine serf;
Knee-deep and rich the pasturage should be
For him who was the Monarch of the Turf!

X.
Death is thy rider: down the course of Time,
Girt with dim shadows, neck-and-neck with Fate,
On this last race may memories of thy prime
Cheer to its close thy weak and hobbling gait!

# SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

## FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXVIII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

### DESERTERS?

On the morning of the tenth of November the British frigate *Hector* came to anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar, having come down the Mediterranean; and it soon became known among the crew that she was bound down the African coast on a cruise. During the afternoon a few of the frigate's men came on board our ship, and in the course of the conversation we learned that the discipline on board their ship was not only rigid in the extreme, but that the captain was cruel and relentless. The seamen were severely punished for the most trivial offences; and the petty officers, even, imbibed and manifested much of the spirit of their commander. At Palermo, where the frigate had last stopped on her way from Malta, full twenty of the crew had deserted. Fiddy and I thanked our stars that our lots had not been cast on such a craft.

Just as the Hector's boat was putting off from our side another man-of-war hove in sight. This time it was a line-of-battle ship coming in from the Atlantic; and at about five o'clock she cast her anchors not more than half a dozen cables' lengths from where we lay, and very shortly our gig was hauled up to the starboard gangway, and Mr. McGregor, with two other officers, put off to visit her. It was nearly dark when our officers returned, and as Fiddy and I sat upon the larboard side of the quarter-deck, we plainly heard the report which they had to make.

The new-comer was his Britannic Majesty's ship-of-the-line Windsor, just from England, and she had brought out quite a budget of letters, the portion of which for our ship would be sent on board on the morrow. I had heard McGregor tell a lot of news from the home of those who had gathered around him; but as I felt no particular interest in his recital I suggested to Fiddy that we should go below and turn in. I had arisen from the match-tub upon which I had been seated, and was about to turn towards the gangway, when I heard something that arrested my attention.

"But the most important bit of intelligence I haven't told you yet," said McGregor. "We are likely to have a brush with our old enemy across the water."

"Eh!—D'ye mean the Yankees?" asked Mr. Dorick.

"Yes. It seems they don't like our way of doing things, and they talk of fighting. And I guess there's no mistake but that they mean it. Brother Jonathan is spunky, and if he once rolls his sleeves up, he'll fight surely. There's been no declaration of war yet; but they tell me on board the Windsor that the Yankee President, Madison, has demanded more than our government will grant, and it is very easy to see where it must end. I should not be surprised to hear at any day that war had been declared, for if matters stand as has been represented, it must come sooner or later."

And then Mr. McGregor said that he should be sorry to be called upon to fight against the Americans, for he had relatives settled in the United States, and, moreover, he could not help looking upon the American people as belonging to the same national family with the British. But his companions did not sympathize with him in his sentiments. Most of them seemed to hate the Yankees, and were anxious for an opportunity to whip them into subjection. The lieutenant, however, did not stop to enter into any argument upon the subject. He simply stated what he had heard, and expressed his opinion, and then turned aft, and went into the cabin; and shortly afterwards Fiddy and I left the quarter-deck, and sat down under the lee of the spare spars. For full ten minutes neither of us spoke; but my companion at length broke the silence.

"Becket, what shall we do? Do you really think there will be war between England and America?"

I told him there could not help being war. It was only a question of time. England was heaping more wrong and indignity upon our nation than it could bear. Not only was the Right of Search persisted in, but British men-of-war made a regular practice of dragging American citizens from neutral ships when there was not the least shadow of a proof that they had ever been British subjects, but when all the proof went to show that they were really American born and bred.

"War is as certain, Fiddy, as it is certain that you and I are now on board this ship."

"And we must get out of this somehow, Becket. My God! we cannot stay here!"

I proposed that we should turn in and sleep upon it; for I was not then prepared to suggest any plan of operation.

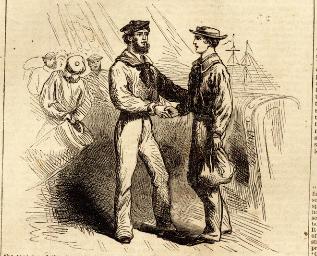
On the following morning two officers from the Hector came on board our ship in company with the Admiral; and I noticed that they held quite an earnest conversation with Mr. McGregor—for it will be understood that Capt. Trevelyan was not on board. I began to fear that all was not right. Two or three times I caught our first lieutenant's eyes fixed upon me, and I could see that he avoided my gaze.

By and by all hands were called to muster upon the quarter-deck, and then Mr. McGregor informed us that twenty of our number were to be transferred on board the frigate. The names of those selected were read, and Fiddy Cummings and myself were of the number. I cast an appealing look upon Mr. McGregor, and he came towards me and called me out from the line. He took my hand, and said to me:

"Becket, I cannot prevent it. I can only recommend you to the care and kindness of the officers of the Hector, and that will be much in your favor. Keep up a good heart, and do your duty in the time to come as you have done it in times past, and you will fare very well. I will help you all I can."

Of course he could not spend much time in conversation with me, and I had learned too much of the rigidness of the service to ask him to hold me on board the Bristol.

Half an hour afterwards, with heavy hearts, Fiddy and I saw our bags and hammocks sent over the side into the Hector's cutter, and we prepared to follow. We had formed some strong friendships on board the Bristol, and it was like rending the very heart-strings thus to be separated from those whom we loved. Jack Miller, the captain of the fore-top in our watch, came and grasped me by the hand.



"Heaven bless ye, Beck.!" he fervently said. "I shall never lay aloft to my watch at night without thinkin' of you."

Glorious old Jack! Rough in exterior, but with a heart as warm and true as ever beat in human bosom!

And there were others. Even Old Billy, the signal-quartermaster, blessed me as he held my hand, and confessed that he didn't like to lose me. But the words of farewell were short, and when our names were called Fiddy and I went over the side. I stopped a moment upon the planeshear, and took a look back upon the deck where I had seen so much of new and eventful life. Foreign to my birth-place though it was, and unjustly and wrongfully my abiding-place, yet I left it with many regrets, and a moisture gathered in my eyes as I thought that I gazed upon it for the last time.

I will not tire the reader with the details of my introduction on board the Hector. Suffice it for me to say that Fiddy and I, with the others who had come with us, were first examined by the ship's corporal, then by the officer of the deck; and then we were sent down upon the berth-deck, where the master-at-arms pointed out to us the hooks upon which we might swing our hammocks.

Late in the afternoon of the fourteenth the Bristol got under weigh and made sail for the Mediterranean; and as I saw her rounding Europa Point I said to my companion:

"Fiddy, I'm glad we are not on board that ship."

"Eh, Beck., how's that?"

"While on board the Bristol I should have felt under obligations to Mr. McGregor not to have deserted; but I am under no such obligations here."

Fiddy gave me his hand, and declared that he'd stand by me, or he would lead the way.

Fiddy Cummings was older than I was—a man grown in age and experience,—and yet he looked to me for guidance in matters requiring thought and judgment. And I often asked myself how it was that I, a boy in years, should have gained such a place in the confidence and respect of my mates; and I answered myself that it resulted from early opportunities promptly embraced and faithfully improved. And I may set it down here, for the information of those who may entertain just such queries, that I had not only enjoyed the best of early opportunities; but that my early experience had been of a kind calculated to strengthen and mature the judgment. Without undue or unseeming self-praise I may safely say that there were very many men occupying the rank of able seamen who looked to me for counsel and information in many matters requiring calculation and judgment.

The Bristol sailed on the fourteenth; and, on the following day, all hands on board the Hector were called to "up anchor and make sail;" and at six o'clock in the evening we had fairly cleared the Bay, and were in the Strait, with our bows pointed towards the Atlantic.

Fiddy and I had been placed in the after-guard, and our stations, when on duty, were upon the quarter-deck. After we had entered the Strait, I chanced to overhear a conversation between the captain and two of his lieutenants, upon the subject of obtaining more men; and their plan was to overhaul all the merchantmen they could find, both English and American, and seize as many men as they could conscientiously lay their hands upon. Their course lay down the African coast as far as Cape Colony, and they hoped to hear that war had been declared with America by the time they reached Cape Town.

At half-past six, all hands were called to witness punishment. It was a strange hour for such work; but there were quite a number of men in the "brig," and they were wanted for duty, and they could not be well set free until they had been punished. Punishment by flogging had been put off while in the harbor, because of the visitors who were on board during the day.

Twenty-seven men, two at a time, were led to the gangway, stripped and lashed, and then flogged with the cat-o'-nine tails. It was to me a revolting sight, for I knew that some of those men had been doomed for almost nothing. One poor fellow—as fine a looking man as there was on board—had been kept in double irons three days, and now got a dozen blows of the cat upon his bare back, for the simple offence of having left a bit of dirty woolen rag upon the capstan. He had helped clean and polish the brass work, which was done with rotton-stone and oil; and, in gathering up his traps, he had accidentally left this bit of rag, and it had not been discovered until after the visitors had been admitted:

The wind was favorable and of respectable volume; but the head-current, setting up against us at the rate of three or four knots* an hour, deadened our headway, so that our progress was very slow. At ten o'clock, the lights of Tarifa were seen upon our starboard-beam, and by midnight, when Fiddy and I came on deck for the mid-watch, we were creeping along towards Tangier. It would be daylight before we could clear the Strait. We were going through the water at the rate of six knots an hour; but, as the water was running against us at least four knots, we were not making over two on our course; and as the distance from Gibraltar to the outer headland of the Strait is over thirty miles, it will be seen that nearly if not quite the whole night must be occupied in getting away from that current.

About one o'clock, however, the wind began to freshen, and I thought it likely that we might pass Cape Espartel before daylight. Espartel is the extreme western headland of the strait on the African coast. For half an hour I sat upon a truck of one of the gun-carriages upon the lee side of the quarter-deck without speaking a word, and as the messenger-boy struck three bells Fiddy asked me what I was thinking about.

"I am thinking," I told him, "how we shall make our escape from this ship."

He had been thinking of the same thing.

"And," said I, "there is one thing more of which I have been thinking: we must make our escape this night."

"So I have been thinking," responded my companion.

"If we once pass Cape Espartel, there is no telling when we may have another opportunity."

I had made up my mind that I would run almost any risk for the purpose of being free from that hateful service, and as soon as the purpose was fixed upon, I set at work to study how it might be accomplished; and in the end I could conceive of but one way. We must trust ourselves to the water, and run the risk; and we must do it, too, before we got so far out that there might be danger of strong counter-currents; for I thought it very likely that there might be currents at the mouth of the strait—currents close in shore—which would set us out to sea.

At two o'clock we were off Tangier, and not more than six or eight miles from the shore, and the sooner we could take to the water after this the better.

Of course there was no such thing as throwing over any spar capable of sustaining us; but I had noticed a lot of cork life-preservers hung up around the mainmast on the main gun-deck, and by carefully watching our opportunity we succeeded in getting four of these. They were circular frames of cork, covered with painted canvas, and supplied with proper lanyards—such as are usually called "cork-jackets." These we concealed beneath our pea-jackets, and then made our way back to the quarter-deck, where we deposited them under a gun-carriage while we made other preparations. We had secured what little money we possessed, amounting to about seventeen dollars, and I had taken my small log-book and carefully wrapped it in a piece of tarpaulin.

When things had been thus far arranged I sat down and reflected. Very fortunately for us, the night was dark and the wind steady, so that the men were not called to meddle with the braces; and if we were careful to make no noise, we might move without being discovered. I was not long in deciding upon a plan of procedure—the only plan of which I could conceive. I called Fiddy to keep watch, and then I crept through a port out into the lee mizzen-chains, where, after feeling around a while, I found a bucket-rope, one end of which was already made fast to one of the dead-eye straps near the channel. This I knew was long enough to reach the water, for I had seen the after-guardsmen drawing up water for washing down the decks. Having secured the bucket-rope, I whispered to Fiddy and asked him if he could pass out the life-preservers. He made no reply other than to reach down under the gun-carriage and bring them forth one by one; and when I had them in the chains he took a survey of the premises, and having assured himself that no one saw him, he slipped out by my side.

"Quick, Becket!" he whispered. "The midshipman of the watch has gone forward, and we'd better be off before he comes back. Have you found a line?"

"Yes," said I; "and I know it will serve us. You may go first."

But he would not listen to that. However, there was no time for discussion; so I fixed two of the preservers under my arms, and then, with a fervent prayer to God that success might crown our efforts, I carefully lowered the line into the water, and at once let myself down over the edge of the channel. It was a position anything but pleasant—swaying to and fro upon that line; for the wind setting out against the current raised short, chopping seas, and they had effect enough upon the ship to give me several pretty severe bumps. But I did not hesitate. As swiftly as possible I slid down, and when I reached the water I waited until the motion of the ship swung me away from the counter, and then I let go and struck out. I was drawn into the eddying wake, and my head plunged under several times; but it did not strike the run, and very soon the huge mass had passed sway.

Six bells were struck on board the Hector, and just as the last note sounded upon the air of night I saw Fiddy close down to the surface of the water. I waited a few moments, and then I spoke. There was no reply to this; but ere long I heard my own name called, and I knew that my companion was safe.

"Becket! Becket!"

"Here I am, Fiddy—all right."

"Thank God!"

Our cork jackets supported us as though strong hands were holding us up, and as the surface of the swells were comparatively smooth our situation was not directly very unpleasant.

As soon as we came together we clasped hands, and then gazed upon the ship, looming darkly up against the cloudy sky. We heard the creaking of the blocks, and the dash of the water as the mighty mass went ploughing through it. But not for a great while. Gradually the gloom of night drank up the stately structure from our sight, and we had taken our last look at his Britannic Majesty's frigate Hector.

And now what?

The night dark; the stars all obscured; and we two were in that dreary waste of waters, with no guide through the trackless flood save our own judgment. We could feel the current, and we knew that it was setting us up the strait. What other currents we might encounter we could not tell. We had escaped from our imprisonment on board a foreign man-of-war; and if our strength was spared we might reach the shore in safety. Why did I then think of the story Jack Miller had told me of his adventure in those very waters? There were other sharks than the one that had attacked him; and the horrible monsters were very apt to follow in the wakes of ships. But the thought did not make me weak. It rather gave me new strength, and with a fervent prayer, audibly uttered, I struck forth for the unseen shore that lay leagues away under the dark sky!

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* Although most of my readers may know that a "*knot*" is equivalent to a sea-mile, yet many of them may not understand why the term is used. In measuring the speed of a vessel, a triangular piece of board called a "log," loaded upon one edge with lead, so that it will maintain an upright position in the water, is used. To this log is attached a line, wound upon a reel which revolves very easily; and, when the log is thrown overboard, this line is unwound and run out as fast as the vessel moves through the water. A half-minute glass is used, and the line is divided by knots, the distance between these knots being the same part of a mile that a half-minute is of an hour. As soon as the log is thrown, and the holder is ready to count, the glass is turned, and the number of knots of the line which are run off during the half-minute are equal to just so many miles an hour. And hence, in speaking of a ship's speed, we say she is running so many "*knots*."

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### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. H. L., who is probably a selfish old bachelor, "pitches into" children in the following ferocious fashion. He says: "Why in the name of all that is serene do not the parents of 'terrible infants,' who spend their summers in the country, hire furnished houses for the season, instead of quartering themselves and their offspring in rural hotels and pastoral boarding-houses among people who want to think? It may be that such youthful savages are 'well-springs of joy' to the authors of their being, but to sedate strangers they are chutes, cataracts, maelstroms, that prevent social enjoyment by their continuous roar. 'Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace.' Remonstrance is useless. Fond mothers take the part of their ungoverned progeny. What seems to others confusion dire is to them only a scene of innocent excitement. They won't have their darlings snubbed. What do they bring them into the country for but to kick up their heels—in other words, to turn the dwelling in which they are domiciled into a Bedlam, and its purlieus into a howling wilderness? The persecuted and the 'next friends' of the pigmy persecutors lose their tempers, a general war ensues, and the result is that the 'enfans terrible' maintain their ground, and the adverse faction either yields or takes to flight. Only misanthropes in whom the milk of human kindness has turned sour, object to *civilized* children, but young barbarians who are encouraged by weak parents in their outrages upon the rights and privileges of their elders, are social nuisances that it would be gross flattery to call distracting."

Lieutenant, Fourth U. S. Cavalry.—The reason why General Taylor made so much more glory out of the Mexican war than General Scott did, was because he began the war, and had taken complete possession of the popular heart before General Scott had achieved anything. General Taylor's last and greatest battle (Buena Vista) was fought four days before the surrender of Vera Cruz to General Scott. Somehow or other "Old Zach." seemed to have all the *romantic* portion of the war on his hands—that portion which cut up well into materials for thrilling stories and popular songs; and of course the story-writers and song-writers carry everything before them. After General Taylor carried Monterey by assault, we remember that a song appeared about it which ran warbling all through the land, and made the old people and the girls nearly cry their eyes out. And then, there was an honesty and simplicity about "Old Rough and Ready" which commended him to the hearts of the people, and made them like him more and more the better they knew him.

Nonplussed.—Such a boy as you describe your orphan nephew to be, can not safely be beaten into submission, at this late day. You have allowed him to go undisciplined so long, that the effort to coerce him now would probably end in his ruin. It seems, according to your statement, that his only fault is a keen perception of your inconsistency and illogicalness and an invincible repugnance to being humbugged by your cant. If you are unequal to the task of coping with him in argument, you should send him away to school where he will come in contact with those whose superior mental endowments will command his respect, and whose intelligent solicitude for his welfare will awaken his affection. He is evidently a very fine boy, but is laboring under disadvantages similar to those of the eaglet which was hatched in a jackdaw's nest.

P. P. C.—You seem to have got on the wrong track. The mere cramming of your memory with facts which the mind does not digest and assimilate, contributes no more to the nutrition and growth of the reason and understanding than the cramming of the stomach with indigestible food contributes to the nourishment of the heart and brain. Rightly understood, the memory may be used as a store-house, in which to store away choice materials in an orderly manner; but when it is turned into a lumber-room, or old garret, and filled promiscuously with all manner of stuff huddled together in confusion, its possessor is worse off than if his memory were vacant and ready for the orderly reception of useful contents.

E. P. C.—You will have to keep watch of the cholera through the public press, and in that manner try to see which way it seems bent on travelling. The "great European scare" which you refer to has doubtless been exaggerated; although it is no doubt true that the cholera has done much fatal work on the other side of the Atlantic during the present year. If you are as timid as you represent yourself to be, it would be better for you to stay at home till the disease disappears from Europe, as its attack on you, in a strange land, would be apt to prove fatal.

An Old Man.—The young men who treated you rudely, on account of your poor dress and the impediment in your speech, have much to learn before they can justly claim the character of gentlemen. There is a certain polish or veneer of manners which the unsophisticated mistake for gentlemanliness, that may be common to Christians, Turks and pirates; but the essence of true gentlemanliness is kindness of heart and a tender regard for the rights of others, especially of the aged, the afflicted and the helpless.

L. T.—It may be that want of tact is the secret of your troubles and failure to get any sympathy, etc. Some people have no perception of the fitness of things, and go on boring their friends until the infliction becomes intolerable, without the least consciousness of having been anything but entertaining. Examine yourself as to this, see if the secret of your ill-success does not take its rise thereabout.

Contractor.—If you wish to act like an honest man, you will have no difficulty in determining your exact line of duty; but if you wish to cheat somebody, then your agreement may be as difficult of interpretation as you to pretend to find it. Do the honest, manly thing, and you will have no need of resorting to any round-about trickery.

Teacher.—The fact that the school committee did not approve of your method of instruction does not constitute any legal ground of defence against your claim for compensation for your services. If that is the only defence they have, your case is clear.

Drusilla.—Your elderly lover must be a hopeless old goose, unless you have sadly caricatured him. It cannot be that your parents will insist on your marrying him. Such violence to the sacred institution of matrimony would be enough to call down the vengeance of Heaven. His album is his crowning folly. It is bad enough for a school-girl to be carrying about such an instrument of torture, but when a *man* of forty-five goes poking it into the faces of his friends, and calling upon them to contribute "a few little verses," he should be consigned to a straight-waistcoat. You might perhaps yield to his importunity for "just a few lines—original or selected," so far as to give him the following:

"O! he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house; I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom."

Christmas.—It is probably impossible for any human being to arrive at absolute moral and religious perfection; and so long as one does his best, looking to the Lord for guidance and strength, his inevitable shortcomings furnish no just cause for despair. You of course know the quality of your spiritual purpose—whether it be honest and sincere, or otherwise. If it be honest and sincere, you will make your way spiritually—slowly, of course, and with many trials and set-backs, but yet surely. It is not a good plan to give way to doubts, and gloom, and forebodings of evil, though, to be sure, it is impossible always to be riding the topmost wave of faith and hope. If you would commit a number of psalms and hymns to memory, and repeat them when you have the blues, you would find them cheering and helpful.

Unbeliever.—Your "proofs" of the non-inspiration of the Bible are utterly contemptible. Your quotation from 1 Samuel, xx., 40, "And Jonathan gave his *artillery* unto his lad, and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city," proves nothing but your own ignorance. We have had this same question up before, and have explained the fact that a few hundred years ago the name of *artillery* was applied to all manner of projectile weapons, including bows and arrows. Your attempt, therefore, to overthrow the Bible by the above quotation, on the ground that *artillery* had not been invented in Jonathan's day, and that it would be folly to suppose that a "lad could *carry artillery*, stands forth in full contemptibleness. You furnish an admirable illustration of an "engineer who is hoist with his own petard."

James.—Your memory is a little at fault. Edward III. of England was followed by Richard the II., his grandson, and the son of the renowned Black Prince. Richard was deposed, and "Henry Bolingbroke" ascended the throne, and reigned as Henry IV. He was a cold-blooded, suspicious, and cruel wretch, and had a most unhappy time of it. *His* son was the famous Prince Hal of Shakespeare, Falstaff's friend, the wild young scape-grace who subsequently won great glory as Henry V. If your memory is as poor as you represent it to be, it is hardly worth while for you to burden it by trying to learn such historical matters by heart. A better course would be to learn just where you can always find them, whenever you may want them for use, and rest content with that.

O. N.—As a general thing, it may with truth be said that our armies in the late war were the largest which have figured on the battle field in modern times. That is to say, in no other four-years' war have so many armies of equal size been marshalled against one another. During Napoleon's career he seldom had an army of a hundred thousand men under his command in battle, and many of his most important battles were fought with an army numbering less than fifty thousand. It is not the size of an army nor the gallantry of troops, but the completeness of victory and the importance of its result, which fix the status of a battle in history.

Bargain.—The fact that the gentleman to whom you refer is so tenacious of little things in matters of business and in making contracts, does not by any means indicate meanness or illiberality of spirit. Some of the most generous of men are the most tenacious in such matters.

"I'll give thrice as much land to any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of *bargain*, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair,"

is a declaration which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of one of his heroes, when some rather extensive bargaining is going on.

Buffalonian informs us that he is "a highly educated young gentleman, of the very best lineage, and considered to have one of the finest forms and handsomest profiles in western New York." And yet this paragon is in trouble, because a girl, "not near so well-born as myself," he says, "and not having a first-class education, but who is lovely, amiable and wealthy," refuses to accept his offer of heart and hand; and for that reason he wants our advice. It strikes us that "Buffalonian" is a conceited jackanapes, and our advice to him is to get rid of his self-admiration as rapidly as possible.

A. G.—Most of the information which you seek can be found in the ordinary and most common school geographies and spelling-books. The practice of reckoning by tens is supposed to have arisen from the habit which people who have no arithmetic have of counting by their fingers. They take the sum of their fingers (10) once, and then twice, and so on, beginning back at one and ending at ten every time. It is supposed that this led the inventors of figures to adopt the decimal principle.

Assistant Foreman.—From what you say, we are inclined to think that your difficulties mainly come from a habit of constantly complaining of those below you to those above you in the office. Such a habit always occasions difficulty, and excites the ill will of all parties, superiors as well as inferiors. In the army and navy such an officious reporter of the faults of subordinates is held in utter detestation by his superiors.

A. J.—If to a plat of land fifteen feet square an addition of five feet be made on every side, and the additions be extended so as to make the new plat, thus formed, square also, it will of course measure twenty-five feet in every direction, and will contain 625 square feet. If the original square be extended five feet on each of two sides, the new square thus formed would contain 400 square feet, it being 20 feet square.

W. X.—You probably spoilt the negotiation by your petulance and volubility. It is doubtful if you could obtain damages by a suit at law. The quotation—

"Why, what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own"—

would be a good one for you to remember.

P. B.—If the party owes you money, which you have fairly earned, put your claim on its true basis, and make him pay it. Do not resort to any fictions or subterfuges in the matter at all. They are the natural weapons of dishonest and cowardly men, but decent people should have nothing to do with them.

Theory.—The man who borrowed your check, on the ground that a certain sum of money was due to him from the person on whom he gave you an order for the amount of the check you gave him, when in fact that person did not owe him a dollar, was guilty of a fraudulent act which exposes him to arrest.

Lover.—If the parents of the young lady to whom you are attached have forbidden you to come to their house, you should not go there, of course. To go there surreptitiously, in their absence, would be a mean and sneaking piece of business, and such as no decent man would perpetrate.

M. R.—If your disagreement with the young lady is "wholly one of personal feeling," the first thing for you to do is to get rid of the "personal feeling." Until you shall have purged yourself of that, it will be useless for you to attempt a reconciliation, as reason is dumb before anger.

Quandary.—If you are very tenacious and sensitive about religious matters, and devoted to church-going, it would be indiscreet for you to marry an irreligious man.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next*

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